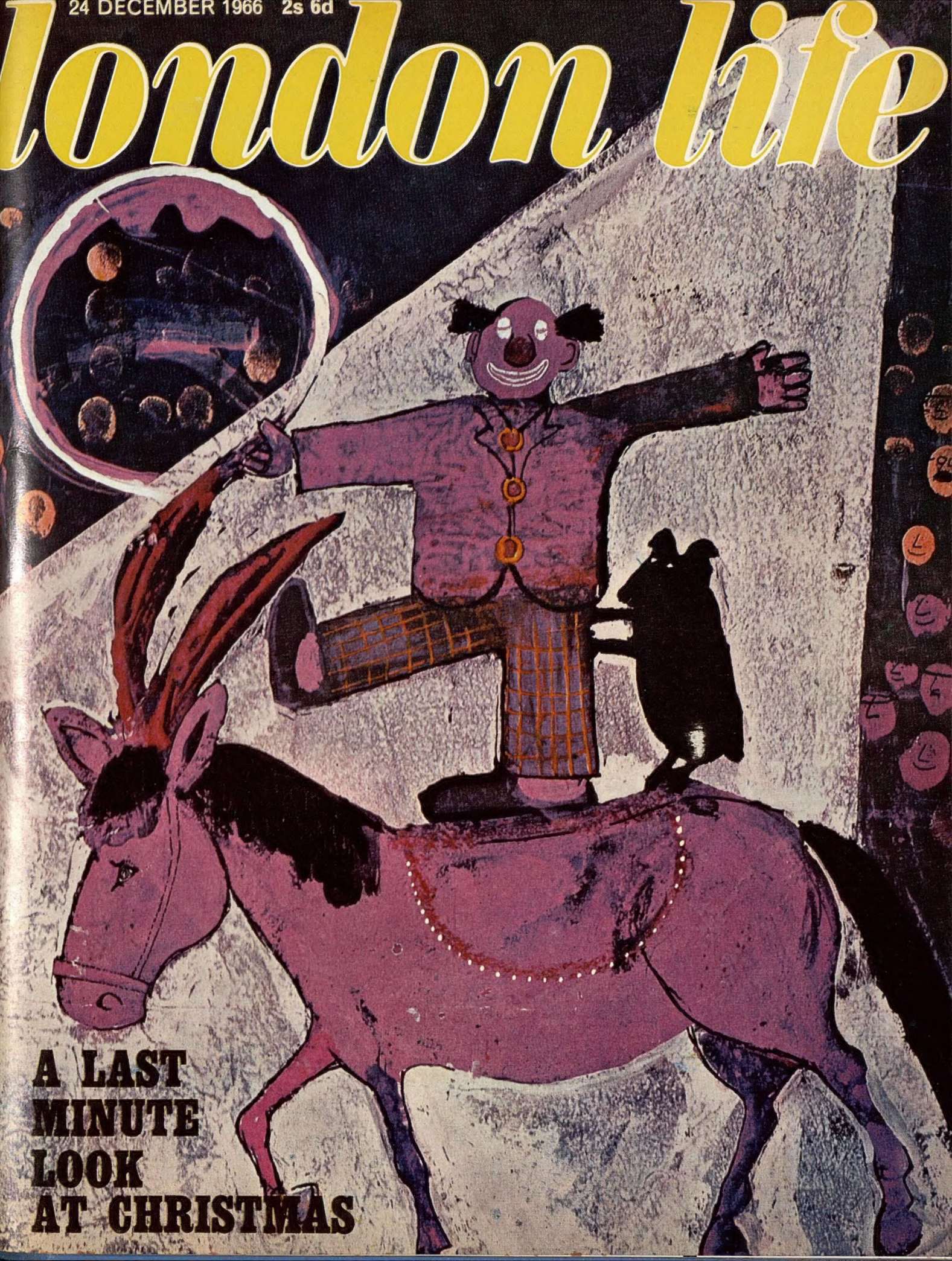
24 DECEMBER 1966 2s 6d

london life



A LAST MINUTE LOOK AT CHRISTMAS

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J & B Rare is not quite colourless.
It is only pale. Very pale.
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LONDON LIFE

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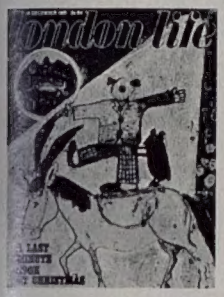
Fashion Editor Sarah Drummond. **Diary Editor** Jeremy Harrison.

INCORPORATING THE TATLER

This week marks the crescendo and diminuendo of Christmas. Agonising preparations followed by total relaxations. This week *London Life* indicates that life still goes on, even though most people seem to be dazzled by the lights and baffled by the card and present bit. We look at architecture, at club-ownership, at the country's most popular comedians. And, as a side-light on Christmas, we examine the increasing sophistication of children's books and their illustrations. It has been a quiet revolution as Carole D'Albiac explains. Naturally the outward emphasis is on fun over the long weekend (since Christmas Day falls on Sunday, most people are getting a crafty Tuesday off work as well this year). With enough energy it could almost be a show a night.

WHAT'S IN LONDON LIFE



John Burningham, who did the cover picture (it's from a Jonathan Cape book), is typical of the artists favoured by the modern child. What is their secret? Page 27

London Life's "Cool Couple" contest attracted a huge entry, with its prize of a fortnight in Hawaii. Here's one of the winners, Swan Dawson-Goodney. – *Page 4*

Mr Jules Stein is a millionaire with a difference. He believes in organising his own benefactions, instead of letting others do it. Doreen King interviews him – Page 20

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For children

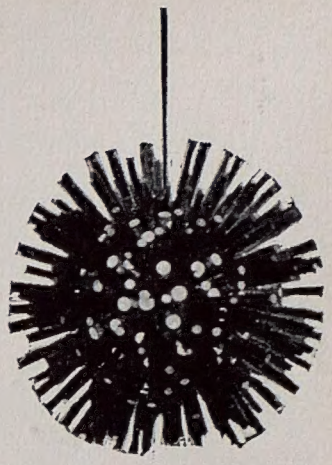
There's James Ambrose Brown's celebrated children's play *Circus Adventure* at Hampstead (matinees only, from December 21), a musical treatment of James Thurber's exercise in Gothic fairy stories *The Thirteen Clocks* (New Arts Theatre from 22 December) and Sadler's Wells revive (same day) their enchanting production of Humperdinck's opera *Hansel and Gretel* which is more than a pretty show, but could be called a child's introduction to Wagner.

On 23 December the RSC's group of travelling players Theatregoround, hits the Holborn Library (Theobalds Road, 2.15 pm) with a performance of *The Hollow Crown*. On Christmas Eve comes *Toad of Toad Hall* and on Boxing Day there's the ice-pantomime *The Sleeping Beauty* at the Empire Pool in Wembley and the ballets *The Nutcracker* at the Festival Hall, and *The Sleeping Beauty* at the Royal Opera House (afternoon with Sibley, evening with Fonteyn – you'll be lucky to get in to that one).

Motor racing

There's a varied programme at Mallory Park on Boxing Day with the final round of the 1966 Bob Gerard Formula Libre championship with a 20-lap event for single-seater and sports racing cars of unlimited engine capacity. On 27 December there's the Guards Sports Car championship at Brands Hatch.

Order London Life for a Happy New Year – see page 54



SHORES

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Lunches 12 to 3 pm daily. Dinner and after the show drinks at pub prices until 1 am (3 am at Shores. 11.30 pm on Sundays)
Town Magazine 'The best value in lush surroundings in the whole of the Metropolis.'
London Life 'Most of the dishes are very enjoyable indeed.'

TWO BANDS

Dancing to Don Pedro Trio at Shores and the celebrated Michael Garson at Tamarisk.

Shores Restaurant
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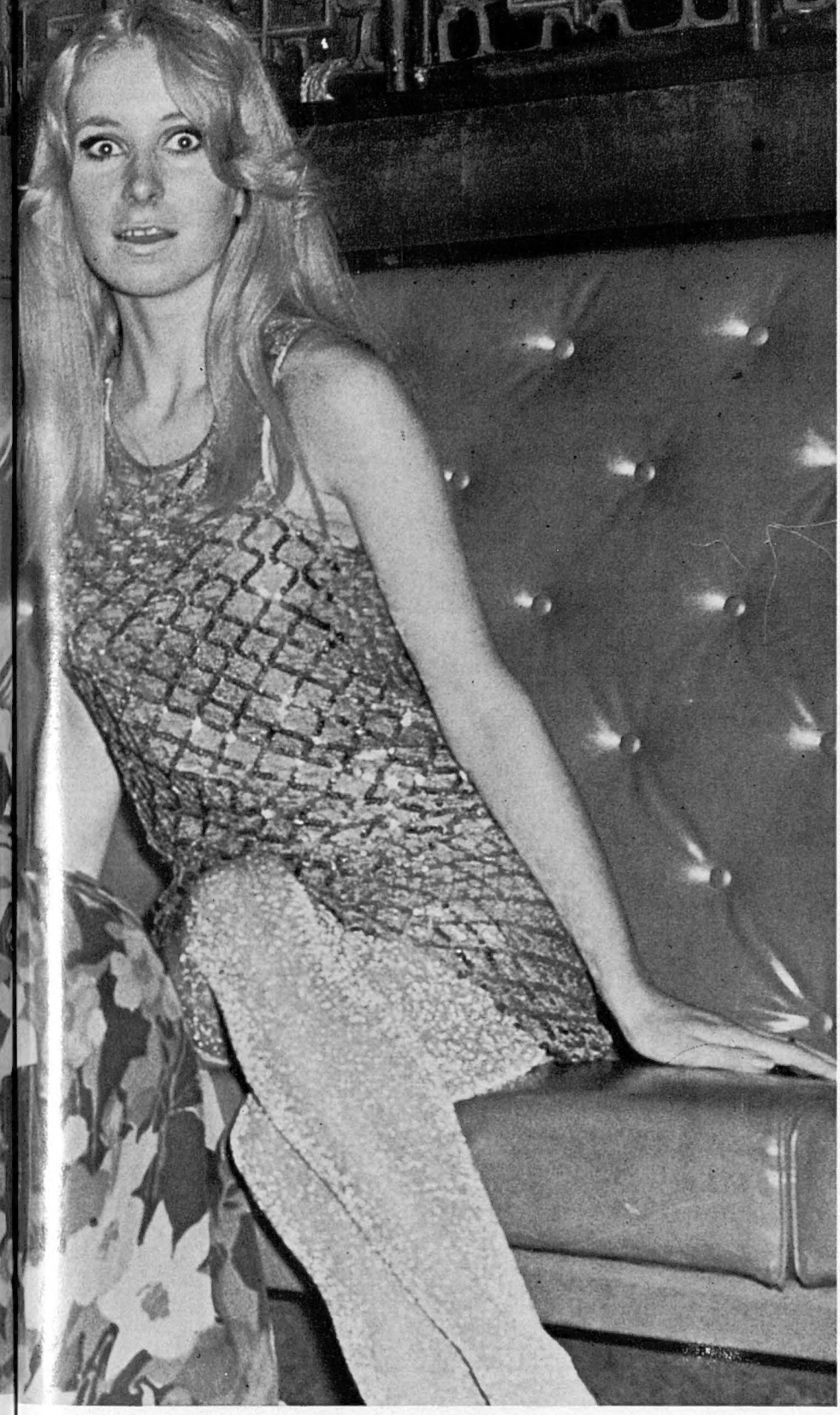
93-35 Old Brompton Road
South Kensington, SW7
KEN 7806 KNI 9571

HERE ARE THE WINNERS . . . LONDON'S

IT was pouring with rain outside and Hyde Park was getting slowly soaked. But downstairs in Trader Vic's restaurant, inside the London Hilton, the atmosphere felt and smelled like Hawaii, as those swift and silent waiters kept everyone supplied with Tonga Punch, massive prawns and other Polynesian goodies. It was a party, and the guests of honour were five couples finally selected in *London Life's* great Hawaii competition.

The winners will fly BOAC jet to Hawaii, dressed by Daks, and they will stay for two weeks at the Kahala Hilton. While there, the couple will be able to explore the famed islands of the South Seas, authentic setting of the United Artist film *Hawaii*. The competition was constructed to discover the coolest couple around. The winning entrants all agreed that the ability to keep calm no matter what happens and the ability to realise the precise value of emphemera were the most important things on the list. Ultimately it was a question of self-reliance.

The couple finally selected were Patrick Alexander Lane and Susan Tracey Dawson-Goodey. He is a student at Sus-



SCOOLEST COUPLES

sex University, reading English and Philosophy; she is an actress just beginning to make her impact on television. Both were speechless when told they had won – for Patrick who exists on a minimal grant it was almost unbelievable.

Patrick and Susan are photographed here with 28-stone Jocelyn La Garde, a guest at the party. Miss La Garde plays Queen Malama, Queen of Hawaii in the film, who is sympathetic to the young missionaries, played by Julie Andrews and Max Von Sydow.

Runners-up Jane Meade and Nigel Wreford-Brown, who lives at Horbury Mews, W11. Their cool quality: To pick the trends from the trash.

Runners-up Chris Allen and Natalie Craiggs-Williams who comes from Haywards Heath, Sussex. Their cool quality: To be governed by individual tastes and not by fashion alone. With them: Mrs. Leonne Cave.

Runners-up Mr & Mrs James Martimer from Harvel, Kent. Their cool quality: To announce after having won the competition that you are already going to Hawaii.

Dr and Mrs Raymond Birch from Bredgar, Kent. Their cool quality: To be able to refuse pressing invitations without making excuses

INSIDE LONDON LIFE

Mr Henry Jones, Superintendent of Works at Buckingham Palace, has been granted the Freedom of the City of London. Broadcaster **Martin Muncaster** reads tributes to Sir Winston Churchill at a Memorial Concert at Blenheim Palace on Sunday 22 January, while violinist **Elaine Skorodin,** viola player **Frederick Riddle** and organist **Dr David Lumsden** provide some of the music. **The Rev P B "Tubby" Clayton,** founder of Toc H, is just 81. Disc jockey **Pete Brady** and test pilot's daughter **Judith Humble** had **David Jacobs, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Hugh Constantine** and **Lady Constantine,** the **Duke** and **Duchess of Newcastle, Mr** and **Mrs Bunny Lewis, the Hon Ian Erskine** and **Simon Dee** as guests at their wedding in St Michael's, Chester Square. **Dr W G Swann,** Medical Officer of Health for the Port and City of London, says that no ships arrived with even a suspicion of the plague aboard during 1966!

HENRY MANCINI, virtuoso conductor, pianist and composer, has been helping with the floorshow at Paul Raymond's Revuebar.

Paul's wife Jean, who puts the floorshows together, says: "Last year when he was over here he let me have some records of his which weren't on sale in Britain. This year he brought over six records of his own and three of other peoples so that we could go through them together, discuss them and tape music for each scene of the new show."

Last year the only Mancini music she used was the tune *How Soon*. "This time," she says: "we are using most of an LP called *Experiment In Terror* and some of the music from *Arabesque*." Stripping Mancini-wise starts at the Revuebar on Tuesday 2 January.

Mayor of Camden, Paddy O'Connor, has joined authoress Pamela Frankau and about 1,750 other residents of Hampstead's South End Green, in signing a petition attempting to reverse a road-widening decision for the Green taken by the Camden Borough Council's Highways Committee.

The Chiappa family, London's last makers of punched card books of music used in fairground organs, is in danger of going out of business unless recruits are forthcoming to take up the art. Although business is booming, Mr Chiappa, who keeps his age a secret, says: "If no trained help can be found the business will die when I go." He estimates that there are more than 60 fairground organs left in the country – most of which are played with punched card books.

A Christmas birthday invariably causes trouble. Advertising and model girl Mary Steele has been done out of a trip to the Canaries by her 22 December birthday. She had hoped to go to the Canaries for Christmas but could

not find a seat on any plane unless she missed her own twenty-first party. "The Canaries seem so popular for Christmas that all the planes are full," she says, "and as I could hardly go before the party, I have decided to go down to Kent instead."

Millionaire J R Belmont, who gave Belmont Park to New York and now lives in Switzerland, is sending his collection of Indian bronze and stone sculptures to be sold at Sotheby's in February. A collection of Chola bronzes, said to be unequalled anywhere in the world, is arousing particular interest among American and European museums. The sale will be the biggest and most valuable of its kind ever held.

Captain John Cameron, who is in charge of BEA's helicopters, has just started talks with the Port of London Authority and the Greater London Council about the possibility of establishing a floating heliport either on the South Bank, near the Royal Festival Hall, or in Chelsea Reach near Battersea Park.

In London recently to announce that the young British golfer Peter Townsend had turned professional under his management, American lawyer Mark McCormack revealed that he had no written contract with the player. "I've never found the need to have a contract with any of the golfers I manage – it's just a gentleman's agreement," he said. He manages the highly lucrative affairs of Arnold Palmer, Gary Player, Jack Nicklaus, and others.

The Metropolitan Police are purchasing 3,000 walkie-talkie radio sets.

Moss Bros who are taking a halting step towards Carnaby Street next March with a new department "a little more advanced perhaps in design" at their Bedford Street shop, are holding a competition to find a name for it. The Moss Bros idea is to call it One Up, but they have circularised some 80,000 of their customers to ask them if they have a better idea. If one of them has, he will receive a cheque for £100.

London's war against the pigeon menace continues. Last year in the City 26,372 pigeons and 1,310 eggs were destroyed.

Hudson's, the stocking firm, brought 100 German salesmen over to London last week-end to look at British legs. The firm has just started a selling campaign in Germany and it was thought that the salesmen ought to have some idea of what their wares looked like in their natural surroundings.

This year's January Culinary Festival at the Carlton Tower from Monday, 16 January to Thursday, 26 January, will feature Creole cooking. The guest chef will be Jacques Gasnier, Head Chef of the Royal New Orleans Hotel.

Speckled eggs, bunnies, lambs and pussy cats leaping all over the place, and lots of lovely chicks, and Easter eggs of all sizes and consistencies. They appear on Cadbury's Easter Press release which arrived at London Life *on 13 December!*

While the Mermaid Theatre's grant from the Corporation of London was being discussed at Guildhall, Bernard Miles, the theatre's director, was due to keep a previous engagement at the Royal Garden Hotel. He was lunching Fenella Fielding to celebrate the first six months' run of *Let's Get A Divorce*, which moved from the Mermaid to the Comedy.

Ex-Secretary of State for War and now Shadow Minister of Agriculture Mr Joseph Godber was speaking at the Association of Mushroom Growers' Dinner in Kensington last week. From mushroom clouds to mushrooms!

Mrs Gena MacKinnon, owner of Drambuie and the only person who knows the drink's secret formula, held her Christmas cocktail party at the Dorchester on Tuesday, 13 December. Among her friends who dropped in during the early evening were Peter Croft, the producer, Hughie Green, TV producer Denis Vance, Denzil Batchelor, and Glyn Owen, star of the TV series *The Ratcatchers*. Afterwards Mr MacKinnon took a small part downstairs to the Snowball – she is on the committee.

Thieves are about to get cleverer. Twenty-four volumes of the Encyclopaedia Britannica *have been stolen from a house in Kensington.*

David Rendel, 48-year-old engineer, philosopher and former civil servant who has turned publisher because he considers it one of the few occupations which

can still satisfy an individualist, reports that his latest title – a paperback called *Selections From the Strand Magazine* – which closed in 1950 – is selling well. Most of the titles in his first list reflect this lust for individualism. The first was *Operamania* by Robin May – "Mania books I call them," he says – and the next published in February is *I Travelled in Spain* by Robert Hugill. In March he brings out the third of a trilogy of his own books, *The Eye Of The Needle*, which deals with human behaviour.

Harrods have one item in their grocery department which has been on sale for a year now – a candle priced at £76. This "365-day" candle – it was cast in Germany from a mould made in 1501 – bears pictures of the Twelve Apostles. Harrods sold one of the 2-ft-high candles a couple of years ago, much to their surprise, but they do not have any high hopes of selling this one. Said a spokesman: "It really ought to be in a church."

ROBIN DOUGLAS HOME

. . . The columnist who is often controversial, often amusing . . . always intensely readable

I SOMETIMES wonder if the main shortcoming of Stanley Kramer's film *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* wasn't that in the title he grossly under-employed the word "mad." Some of the goings-on today are so inconceivably crazy that one is more and more left with a clear choice – either laugh helplessly, buy a small atoll in the Pacific and emigrate there, severing all further contact with what, *incredibly,* is called civilisation: or let the tears of anguish flow, quietly get outside a bottle of Seconal tablets and prepare to meet thy Maker.

Let's take a random sample of recent happenings. First, John David Gathorne-Hardy, CBE, 4th Earl of Cranbrook. His Lordship has taken to exercising and feeding bats in his bathroom. His recipe for the ideal bat dinner is, he says, equal parts of the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, cream cheese, and banana."

Shoe cream

Then there is the adorable Lady Dartmouth. Her Ladyship has revealed that instead of using mascara on her eyelashes she uses "Meltonian shoe-cream in navy blue." Now as her Ladyship's eyes always look absolutely stunning, and as Meltonian shoe-cream in any shade is far cheaper than mascara, one can only assume that any woman who buys or applies mascara is off her tiny rocker.

Then there is His Majesty King Baudouin of the Belgians. HM recently sent his private plane and a personal aide (who had to drive 75 miles in an ambassador's Rolls-Royce) from Brussels to Ireland to collect a red setter puppy. I suppose if you're a King and have private planes, personal aides and Rolls-Royces at your disposal, then that kind of behaviour can be called sane. But it seems bonkers to me.

Then there is the divine Miss Claudia Cardinale. She said the other day that if she marries, "my husband and I will live in separate houses far apart and will meet at lunch and dinner – when we want." She added: "Many marriages break up because the couple know each other too well. Boredom is death to love and marriage." The simple, stunning truth of this observation is all the more noteworthy from having come from the lips of a sex-symbol. In fact, it matches that child's comment that the Emperor had no clothes on. So all of you who are married and live in the same house as your spouse must be loco. Perhaps the two-car household should be replaced in status symbol terms by the two-house household.

Then, after the curiosity of the BBC's spending £25,000 of OUR money making a film of *Alice in Wonderland* which is unsuitable for children, and their last-minute rejection of a script of *Cinderella* which ended with Prince Charming about to strangle Cinderella at midnight, there comes the news that a group of undergraduates in the University of Massachusetts is trying to get Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* banned because of its "racial bias." Want a bet that within weeks the anti-blood sport faction will prevail upon the Home Secretary to ban *Peter Rabbit* because Mother Rabbit mentions the fact that Peter's dad ended up in one of Mrs MacGregor's stews?

Then there is the electric shock treatment for unfaithful husbands at a Shrewsbury hospital. They show the errant husband a picture of his mistress and give him a 70-volt shock at the same time. I'll wager a packet that if there are any power failures in the Midlands this winter the Minister of Power will blame it all on the increasing number of unfaithful husbands using up valuable volts in peak periods.

Then there are the lyrics of today's pop songs. If the BBC consider their *Alice* unsuitable for children, it is hard to imagine what unspeakable horrors it must contain when you examine the lyrics of the songs churned out by the hour by the BBC's disc-jockeys. For instance, "Bend It," or "I Can't Control Myself." But the line that worries me most is "My love has no bottom, my love has no top. . . ." One can guess the object of the lyric-writer's affection because there is only one known type of human creature who fulfils those anatomical specifications – the currently fashionable model girl.

Weak link

Then there is Jack Ruby. Several months ago, when it was announced he was to be re-tried outside Dallas, I bet a friend that this second trial would never take place because Ruby would either be dead, or declared too ill or insane by the Dallas authorities. I look like winning my bet. Why? Because Ruby is the one weak link in the chain of glib reassurances that seem to me to surround President Kennedy's assassination. In the dialogue between Ruby and Chief Justice Earl Warren printed in the Warren Report, Ruby suggests, hints, indeed almost *begs,* Warren to take him back to Washington to testify there, outside the control of the Dallas police. Warren, presumably an astute man, inexplicably fails to act on Ruby's suggestions. Ruby may be declared insane, but the insane ones are those who believe that Ruby could possibly have murdered Oswald without the connivance of some person or persons in the Dallas police.

Then there is the escape of Frank ("the Mad Axe Man") Mitchell, and the running pantomime starring H Wilson and I Smith. I'll leave you with a seasonal message delivered to the nation last year by H Wilson, to be sung to the tune of *Hark, the Herald Angels Sing.* Come on, all together now: "Sanctions are . . . beginning to bite, Sanctions are . . . beginning to bite. . . ."

CHAMPION JOCKEY WINS TOP AWARD

One of the most important social events in the calendar of the National Hunt year took place at Quaglino's restaurant last week. It was the annual presentation luncheon for the year's outstanding professional jockey, and the leading National Hunt amateur. The tradition began four years ago when the French champagne house of Bollinger offered twin awards for Britain's leading jockeys. For the second year running, Terry Biddlecombe was chosen as the champion jockey, and the award for the leading amateur went to Chris Collins for the first time.

The guests included prominent members of the racing world. Outstanding among them were Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother's racing manager, Sir William Gilliat, and her trainer, Peter Cazalet; Lord Willoughby de Broke; the secretary of the Horserace Betting Levy Board, Brigadier "Sam" Waller; Ascot's clerk of the course, Major-General David Dawnay; starter Alec Marsh; National Hunt owner-trainer Edward Courage; and flat-race jockey Douglas Smith.

The luncheon was presided by Mme Lily Bollinger, head of the firm of Bollinger. As she presented the silver tankards to Terry Biddlecombe and Chris Collins, she spoke of her long-standing associations with British horse racing.

The toast to the winners was made by Lord Leverhulme, a steward of the National Hunt Committee. He spoke of the prestige which is associated with the awards, and mentioned the previous winners of the trophies.

In a witty reply to Lord Leverhulme's speech, Christopher Collins spoke on behalf of himself and Terry Biddlecombe, and discussed the difficult period of transition from amateur to professional status. He regarded the Bollinger award as an impetus to amateurs in the sport.

JAM TOMORROW

weekly traffic service

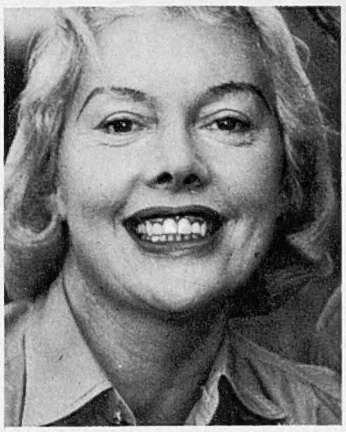
Christmas Eve is traditionally the beginning of a week of fireside festivities, but for those who decide to venture abroad, the authorities have made adequate arrangements for solving parking problems. Last week *London Life* provided a detailed map of the special Christmas parking facilities. A reminder that free parking after 6 pm will be available in the Horse Guards Parade, SW1; Broadwall, SE1; Grosvenor Crescent (Hyde Park Corner); Nottingham Terrace, Marylebone Road, W1; Portman Square, W1; and Tufton Stret, SW1. These facilities will last until 31 December.

The present heavy spate of road improvements seems to have lessened in deference to the relaxed mood of Christmas. Apart from the long-standing major reconstruction schemes, only a few areas are affected by delays north of the river. Road widening on the **North Circular,** at the junction with **Coppetts Road,** will delay traffic; bridge works on **Kentish Town Road** by **Leighton Road** will slow the flow of cars moving in both directions, and bridge works on **Highbury Grove,** N5, between **St Paul's Road** and **Grosvenor Avenue,** have caused all northbound traffic to be diverted along an alternative route. A night-time system of road resurfacing on three streets in EC2 – **Old Street, Great Eastern Street** and **High Street** – between 7 pm and 7 am, will cause mild delays. Finally, sewer works at the junction of **Lower Clapton Road** with **Downs Road** will slow traffic.

South of the river, the traffic scene is even clearer. The construction of the footbridge at **Borough High Street,** by London Bridge station, is still causing delays, just as are the sewer works in **Peckham Road,** SE15, between **Bellenden Road** and **Camden Grove,** and the waterworks at the junction of **Jamaica Road** with **Abbey Street.** Current circulation difficulties in three roads in SE1 – **Westminster Bridge Road, York Road** and **Lambeth Palace Road** – are caused by the construction of a subway.

ARRIVAL PLATFORM

By JEREMY HARRISON



Campaigning for new make-up

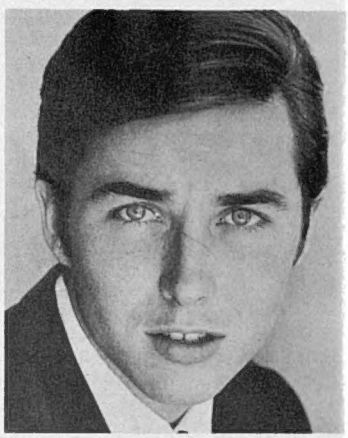
Michaela Denis, with her husband Armand, has arrived to spend Christmas in London discussing a number of prospective TV Safari programmes. As well as their activities on the filming side, Michaela is taking advantage of one of their infrequent visits to put in some work for Beauty Without Cruelty – the society which campaigns for use of synthetic materials in clothes and make-up rather than animal products. She says: "Articles made from synthetic materials are so much better than taking the skin off someone's back, aren't they?" Michaela continues: "Have you seen the girls who wear synthetic make-up? They all have the most beautiful complexions, and it's so much better."

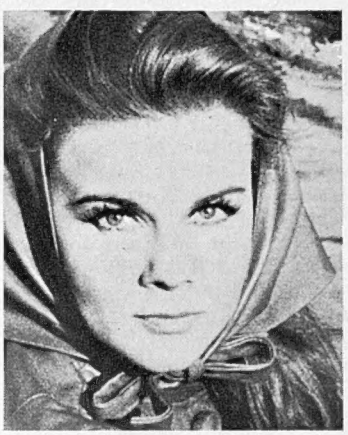
She and Armand have come from their house just outside Nairobi, and plan a busy year on safari. Last year their trips included Mexico, Guatemala, the United States.

Less competition in London

Chris Crosby gives two reasons for being here over Christmas to sing at the Playboy Club. "My wife is half-French," he says, "and wanted to spend Christmas over here with her best girl-friend, and the easiest opportunity for me to get a work permit over here was to do the Playboy Club."

His other reason is that he feels that the competition within the family is too strong in America. "We Crosbys are getting to be about a dime a dozen over in the States," he adds. Twenty-four-year-old Chris, Bing's nephew, was a medical student at the University of South California until two and a half years ago. He has mostly worked in night clubs and one television programme so far, and is a bit wary about doing too much film work – "I need a little more ageing and character in my face before I'm ready for it," he says.





Star who likes the "quiet" life

Ann-Margret, the young red-haired Swedish-born actress and singer, who was coming into London on Monday 19 December for the opening of her latest film, *The Swinger,* has a problem – a pain in the neck. The problem was particularly troublesome during the filming of *The Swinger* with Tony Franciosa. "I'm 5ft. 3in.," she says, "and Tony is over 6ft. I don't believe in asking for a box to stand on, and there's nothing romantic about kissing a tremendous man on the point of his chin, so I have to keep bending my head back and standing on the tips of my toes. It gives me a permanent pain in the neck."

She also has a bit of philosophy to impart on the title of this current film. "Everyone has his own idea of a swinger," she says, "but applied to me I think it means a non-conformist. I just pursue my own life as quietly as possible."

Here for a family Christmas

Joseph Cotten has come to London to spend Christmas with his wife Patricia Medina and her family. In the short time he has been here since his arrival from Munich he seems to have polished off his Christmas shopping. "My wife's family regard Christmas very much as a time to be spent with the children and in church, and that suits me fine," he says. "This is the first time I have spent a family Christmas for many years, and I'm going to enjoy it."

On this trip he has already seen *In the Matter of J Robert Oppenheimer, Staircase,* and *Let's Get a Divorce.* "If anyone offered me the right part I would love to do a West End play," says Cotten. At the beginning of the New Year the Cottens leave the Whitehall flat they have rented for their stay. "I've got a booking on a slow boat back to New York, and then I have no more work to do until February," he says.

IT'S DUD AND PETE . . . IN GEAR

It was the Oxfam all-star show, *You're Joking*. Peter Cook and Dudley Moore put a new slant on every child's favourite fairy-stories with a little legend for grown-ups only. It was about a cobbling elf married to a bitchy little fairy wife. The dialogue was pure *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Sample line: "And Tinker Bell told me about that pathetic pass you made at her down at the fairy-ring last Midsummer's Eve. When you asked her back here to see your last. She laughed so much she broke her bell and couldn't tinkle for six months." Dudley was the mean, moody Melisande and Peter her long-suffering husband. The Royal Albert Hall was packed for the gala show, which raised nearly £2,000 for Oxfam. Among the stars who gave their time to perform for a good cause were the Alberts, Eleanor Bron, the Alan Price Set, Peter and Gordon, Jackie Trent, Paul Jones and Jeremy Taylor. After the show, stars and audience wound up at a party in the Pheasantry Club, Chelsea, which swung into the small hours.

BACKGROUND

THE FACTS BEHIND THE NEWS

BUILDING

THE plans which Sir Giles Scott, Son and Partner, have submitted for the reconstruction of the City's Guildhall amply fulfil the Corporation's Reconstruction Committee's dual objects of "restoring proper facilities for the conduct of the Corporation's affairs within a precinct devoted exclusively to this purpose and providing a setting for the display of Guildhall which will be worthy of this historic building."

The most dramatic part of the plan is the proposed opening up of Guildhall Yard, which is at present both woefully cramped from the traffic point of view, and hideously cluttered with second-rate Victorian buildings. The two main aims were to make Guildhall once more the dominant feature of the Yard, and to design with traffic flow in mind.

Consequently the architects and the Commissioner of the City Police have evolved a quadrangle-style yard taking tips from the design of Trinity College, Cambridge, Christ Church, Oxford, and the best of the Italian piazzas. The most significant piece of demolition suggested is the present court wing, possibly the most offensive bit of architecture on the site. For many years now the present Guildhall Court facilities have been both physically inadequate and dangerous – recently it was discovered that there was a considerable fire risk, which has been temporarily remedied.

The cost? Probably more than £5 million.

FASHION

SIX of the top London model agencies have formed themselves into a close-knit association to "revise standards of modelling," says Peter Lumley who owns one of the most successful agencies.

They hope to eradicate bad payers – photographers, studios and clients who either procrastinate or refuse to pay. Admission to the group will, they say, be proof that an agency or modelling school is a good one.

Calling themselves the Association of London Model Agencies, they will hold no meetings, dinners, or charge subscriptions. They will operate on a casual telephone basis.

"If I, for instance, hear of a bad payer, or disreputable school, I will ring another agency and tell them," says Lumley. Hitherto, modelling and agencies have hardly fraternised at all, because of their rivalry. This is a step towards a friendlier attitude to each other, and an end to the resentment that arose when a girl changed agencies.

The six agencies are Lumley's, Jean Bell, Cherry Marshall, Scotty's Fashion Model, and Lucie Clayton. Three of them also run schools – Lucie Clayton, Cherry Marshall and Fashion Model. Between them they handle 500 of Britain's more successful models, male and female; and their annual turnover is somewhere in the region of £1¼ million.

The idea was born at a lunch last week to discuss models with the publishers of the *International Model*, a guide book to models. Leslie Kark, head of the Lucie Clayton agency, arranged a get-together to talk about bad payers.

Says Lumley: "Leslie said we all knew each other, and wouldn't it be a good idea to protect models and agencies from bad payers and the like, by forming an association. We all agreed.

"There are 41 model agencies in London, and we consider ourselves the best, but there are several unscrupulous agencies and schools – especially schools – who tend to dissipate the general standard. We personally are proud of our reputation, but bad agencies and schools ruin it for others who do a good job."

As Lumley says, the advantages of the new association are that if a known bad payer rings up for a model, the agencies will have him on their black list, and can collectively refuse to accept his commission.

BOOKS

FRESH from a board meeting last week, publisher Mr John Calder told *London Life* that he would continue publishing *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, a novel by Hubert Selby ordered by a magistrate to be destroyed on the grounds that it was liable to "deprave and corrupt."

The prosecution of the book was by Tory MP Sir Cyril Black, who has stated he will draw the police's attention to the result of the case. The magistrate's decision applies only to the three seized copies and not to the book's sale outside the court's area of Marlborough Street.

Says Mr Calder: "We have decided not to appeal although we think we would win. Instead, we feel that so much can be said in the Press that couldn't be said if it went to appeal and became *sub judice*. We will take our chances."

Mr Calder thinks the magistrate's decision would be reversed if he appealed. He said: "It is not a pornographic book, but important and says something. What does it say? It deals with cases of violence and aggression in America, in certain areas and districts. And the reasons for this, which are frustration and underprivilege. It is undoubtedly a social novel, like for instance Dickens wrote social novels. It contains brutal details which are shown to be caused by social circumstances.

"I notice," Calder added, "that the *Scotsman* newspaper described *Last Exit to Brooklyn* as the Book of the Year. We shall go on selling it, and appealing to public opinion."

Sir Cyril Black was quoted last week as saying: "If I learn that the book is still being sold I will report that, too. It seems to me that if Mr Calder continues to publish this book he is very likely to find himself at the Old Bailey."

RADIO

ADVERTISERS have entered, albeit quietly, the controversial matter of local radio stations in Britain. A booklet, imparting a factual, unemotional explanation of local broadcasting, has just been published by the Incorporated Society of British Advertisers Ltd.

The Society's Director, Commander David Kinloch, writes: "The arguments that are now raging about the future of radio in this country deal superficially with practical alternatives and practical problems. But they are coloured not only by the vested interests of those who stand to gain or lose by new broadcasting facilities – the local radio companies seeking licences, the record companies and other purveyors of entertainment, the manufacturers of radio equipment – but by the emotional content of the underlying considerations."

The booklet goes on to explain, after Commander Kinloch's introduction, all aspects of local radio. It is aimed at the public, government ministers, the Postmaster-General and advertisers who are members of the Society.

Kinloch adds: "The Incorporated Society of British Advertisers does not, therefore, wish to enter the lists as yet another pressure group in the great radio debate. But in view of the probability that advertising will be relied on to some extent at least, to finance whatever structure Parliament elects to set up, it has seemed worth while to set out as objectively as possible such evidence as is available on the two related questions of the type of service that is most likely to appeal to the public; and the type of service that is most likely to attract sufficient advertising revenues to be self-financing."

The Society is against the control of local radio being in the hands of public bodies. Commander Kinloch told *London Life*: "It can be difficult for businessmen to deal with local councils and such like. I don't really think they are equipped for this type of task, it could not work if they had control over local radio.

"I think they must be run by private bodies with a commercial understanding, and at the same time a sense of civic responsibility. Isle of Man radio has prospered on this basis."

The Councillor plays a swinging triangle

COUNCILLOR Jack Cooper (right), Labour member for the Priory Ward on Camden Borough Council, played a swinging triangle for the Christmas Concert at Camden Town Hall, when he and nine other members of the Council took up instruments in Malcolm Arnold's *Toy Symphony*.

Six of the other players were Labour members and the other three Conservatives. On the Labour side, Councillor Tim Skinner, the Deputy Mayor, was playing the cuckoo, Alderman Michael Cendrowicz was on the cymbals, Councillor John Richardson, chairman of the Library and Arts Committee, played the drums, Alderman James MacGibbon and Councillor Jack St John played the melodeons and Alderman Mrs Ruth Howe was playing a two-note xylophone.

Odd man out was Councillor Mrs Enid Wistrich who has played the cello for five years, and was not allotted an instrument by conductor Charles Farncombe.

The Conservative side of the Council was represented by Councillor John Barker on the nightingale, Councillor Sydney Torrance on the toy trumpet, and Councillor Miss Susan Ayliff on another xylophone.

A welcome outsider was singer Cleo Laine, who joined in on the tin whistle.

NOW HE OWNS THE HUNTS CLUB, BUT HE'S NEVER RIDDEN TO HOUNDS IN HIS LIFE!

David Lowes has come a long way from his Sergeants' Mess in Burma. Having made a fortune from property, the former Royal Signals sergeant has now bought a top club in Mayfair. Mr Lowes (pictured right, surveying the Georgian plate on a table in the club dining room) took JOHN MCLEOD and photographer PHILIP TOWNSEND on a tour of inspection for *London Life*. Then he spoke about himself, his club, and what he hopes to do with it, and for it.

THE face is handsome and finely mashed with experience. The suit is dark blue pin-stripe and expensive, the buttonhole exquisite and the accent now ten shades removed from the Sergeants' Mess. The composite is David Gordon Lowes, who, at 42, is one of that select group of demobees who wisely used their gratuities and have now, as they say, got it made.

Mr Lowes presumably has a lot of money in the bank, and even more, one suspects, in bricks and mortar. He's a property man—"don't call me a tycoon." And the former Signal Corps sergeant has just moved quietly into the tweedy traditional world of London's clubs. For £100,000, he has bought the United Hunts Club in Upper Grosvenor Street.

For 66 years, the club has been accented heavily on the hunt. David Lowes has been a member for six years, but has never ridden to hounds, for "I am too fat to hunt, and have far too much respect and consideration for the animal that would have to carry my weight." Among the honorary club members are Lord Cowdray, Earl Mountbatten, Earl Alexander and Lord Montgomery. During the war, Field-Marshal Wavell frequently entertained many of the war chiefs there, and the club was also used for parties given by the American Ambassador.

Old hat

Mr Lowes is proud as hell of being an ex-sergeant, and, though he feels it's a bit old hat to say it these days, "I'm proud of being British." This latter quote, I think, should reassure any older members of United Hunts that the new owner respects traditions and "isn't an upstart who'll sweep them away."

He talks like a man who knows his mind, and where he's going. "There are two words I don't have in my dictionary," he says. "They are 'can't' and 'impossible'." He has a tremendous feeling for United Hunts, and is determined to revive it in every sense, without killing any of its character.

He is firm and persuasive, without being brusque. For instance, he is getting excellent work out of builders and decorators at a fantastic rate. The club bar was renovated in six days. The rest of the club will be completely ready for use within a month.

There will be a full range of facilities for men and women members. The women, in particular, should be delighted. David Lowes knows their psychology. "Some women members live just out of town," he says. "They may want to spend the day in London, shopping and so on, then go for theatre and dinner in the evening. They will be able to drive to the club, leave their dress for the evening here, where it will be hung, and come in the late afternoon to bath, change and go on."

He will spend an estimated £25,000 on making the club an attractive proposition. Sauna baths, showers and massage rooms will be installed in the basement. The lounge will be renovated, but keep to the club "style." The dining room will be improved. A sun terrace will be built at the back of the premises, where members and guests will dine under glass roofing.

His outlook: "I like good food and good wine, and nice surroundings. I want this club to become the kind of place members will automatically turn to when they reach the stage of saying 'what do we do, or where do we go now?' Although this is the swinging sixties, surely there is time, and room for a return to a more elegant and leisurely way of life."

A marriage

His planning will encompass a marriage of the traditional and the contemporary. The indication one gets from him, though he did not use the phrase, is that United Hunts will combine creaking joints and armchairs, with a younger element of membership.

"We very much want to retain our traditional membership," he says "and introduce new members who will be well-mannered. They need not necessarily be well-moneyed, but we will expect them to observe the standard of conduct to which the club has been accustomed."

One way of ensuring this is the increase in membership fee to 20 guineas, and vetting of applications by a committee. Service membership will remain unchanged at three guineas. Though

Continued on page 14

'New members need not necessarily be well-moneyed, but we will expect them to observe the standard of conduct to which the club has been accustomed'

Mr Lowes looks in for a chat and a smoke with workmen renovating one of the club rooms.

'WE WANT TO TURN BACK THE CLOCK AND GIVE A LITTLE OF THE GRACIOUS LIVING THAT'S GONE OUT OF LONDON BACK TO LONDON'

Continued from page 12

he is applying a lot of time and thought to the renovation of the club, he will not run it. He has brought in a club secretary, and each department—bar, dining room, etc.—will have its own head. In the basement, he is adding a men's barber shop.

"Getting my hair cut is a chore," he says. "I seldom have time during the day. I would like to come into a club, have a drink in the evening, then have a haircut. The barber shop here will probably stay open until 9 pm."

At the opposite end of the basement area, he may install "a form of discothèque."

"This would have a champagne and soft drinks bar, three-piece band, girl to put the records on, and an area for dancing. But, and I stress this, it will only be done once the requisite permission is obtained. But if it can be introduced, I think it might appeal to the younger members."

On the second floor, there will be an elegant ladies' powder room, and hairdressing facilities.

Colour schemes throughout the building—which is the former home of Sir Eric

Hambro—will be discreetly tasteful. And the ubiquitous Mr Lowes is taking a hand in this, too. Like many other non-commissioned service men, he has overcome, if he ever had it, the slight trace of prejudice at never having dined in the Officers' Mess. He doesn't speak about it, but the eyes betray just a suspicion of understandable satisfaction at having come up through the ranks in every respect.

He was born in Fulham, educated at Farnham Grammar School. His first job was with a firm of land agents and surveyors. He volunteered for the Signals in 1943, served with Slim in Burma. On demob in '47, he went into property "as an office boy," is now a qualified surveyor and company secretary.

Cricket

His philosophy: "I enjoy enjoying myself. One of my principal pleasures, when I have time, is cricket." He is also a member of The Sergeants Club, founded by the late Walter Flack. Membership is restricted to 38, who reputedly should be sterling millionaires, but will be accepted if the magic figure takes into account money tied up in property and so on. "This is a great club," says ex-sergeant Lowes. "Call it anything you want . . . exclusive, notorious or what have you."

Another facet of David Lowes is his delight in "getting up and going." Something like this: "I don't see why we shouldn't have a golf society within United Hunts. We could decide at the drop of a hat to get to Gatwick, charter a plane, and fly to the Continent to play over some course there."

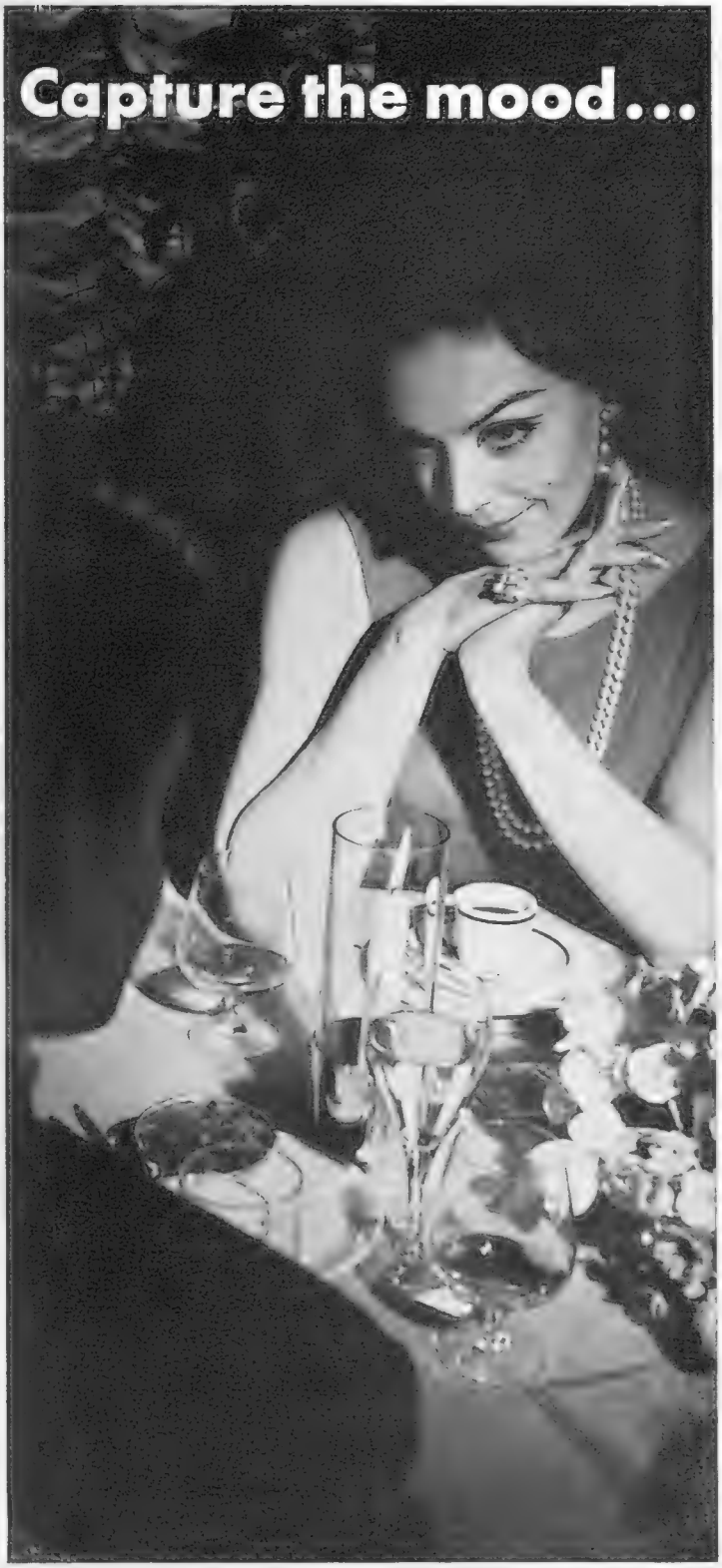
He says firmly: "I am not a gambler. Having made my money, I'm not prepared to throw it away. I don't mind a few shillings on roulette, or a few pounds on a horse but generally, I just don't gamble, and it is not my intention to put any form of gaming in the club at all."

Handshake

He is also proud of being a life member of the Royal Society of St George. This pride of country isn't overstated as he speaks about himself, but it comes through very strongly. "We want to turn back the clock and give a little of the gracious living that's gone out of London, back to London."

Similarly with the country: "I am very proud of being English, and proud of everything England stands for, or stood for. This isn't old hat to me."

After a tour of inspection of the premises, he walks with you to the door, shakes your hand, and says: "Well, nice to have met you, old boy," in a way that left me in no doubt that this sergeant has found his rightful place at the top.



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The magnificent two

It all started in a railway carriage between Birmingham and Coventry in 1941. That was when Eric Morecambe and Ernie Wise first decided to join fortunes and become a comedy team. But it took them 20 years to achieve national recognition. ROGER ELDRIDGE talked to them on the set of their third film, and discovered the secret of their success. Most of their humour is unscripted, because something always genuinely goes wrong during their act . . .

RELAXING after a frenzied onslaught on his lunch plate, Eric Morecambe said: "I wonder if it's raining outside." "Dunno," said Ernie Wise; "Call in the commissionaire and see if he's wet." This was the culmination of an unbroken line of gags and jokes, delivered in that bland and slightly disconcerting Northern manner: every line is spoken in a flat, emotionless tone, and accompanied by a long, straight stare.

At close quarters, you feel slightly uncomfortable because you are not sure whether to take them seriously or humorously. Then, after a pause, they break into simultaneous guffaws, and the touch of tension evaporates. Delayed-action humour is probably the secret of their success.

It is one of those strange anomalies of show business that the Morecambe and Wise team, which has been in existence for over a quarter of a century, should only have made a national impact within the last four years. In 1943 they were working as extras in a travelling circus. Now they are probably recognised as the greatest comedy partnership in the country. "We have changed," said Ernie, "but the jokes haven't." "Yeah, and they're just beginning to get through," added Eric.

'IF THE AUDIENCE THINK SOMETHING'S GONE WR ONG'

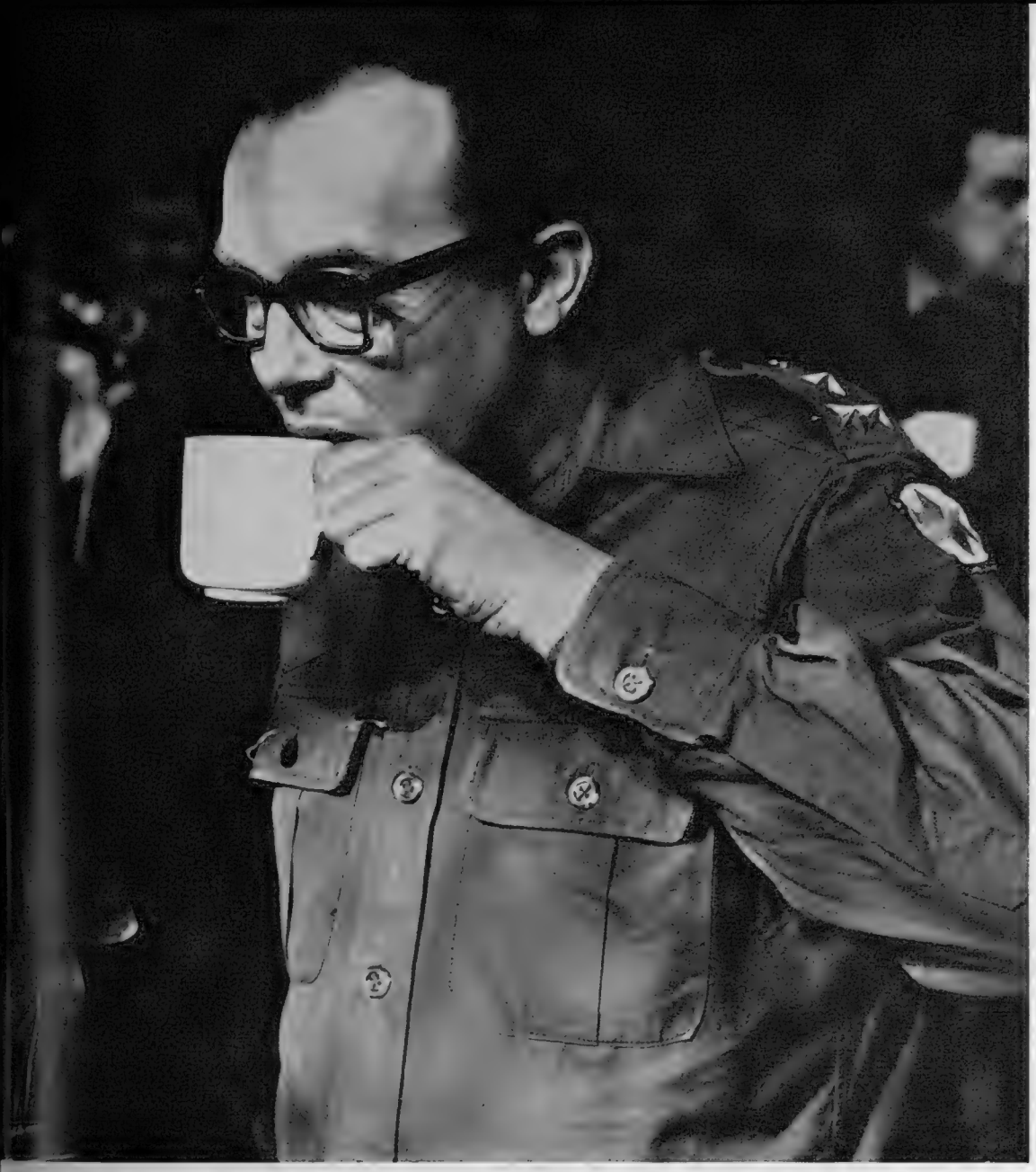
It was only with greatest difficulty that I managed to slow down the staccato exchange of smart remarks, and lead them into talking seriously about themselves. They have been together for so long that they literally cannot stop being funny – on stage or off. "We have a kind of craving for funnies," said Ernie. "The more we have, the more we want."

"I believe that we shall only survive as long as we stay together," said Eric . . . he's the taller of the two partners, the one who hides behind glinting glasses. "The whole essence of our act depends on mutual titillation. There has to be a masterful type, and a foil. Ernie is the foil, and his is the harder job, because he is responsible for the continuity." "We call this the 'Well-mah-boy' act," explained Ernie. "I have to supply the cues for Eric."

As a formula for humour, this is hardly very definitive. It allows ample room for elaboration and expansion. In fact, this allowance for sudden inspiration – or leeway humour, as it might be called – is the mainstay of the Morecambe-Wise mystique. As Ernie said: "Something always goes wrong on our shows, and this is what we bank on. For instance, one of our skits takes place in a railway carriage. Eric is supposed to carry out a tray of food into the corridor, then drop it. Well, on this particular occasion he came back on the stage, complete with tray, and then the sound-effects men produced this almighty crash outside.

"It's at times like these that we're really at our best. We have to improvise something in an almighty hurry, and it always comes off. To be quite frank, we never know what's going to happen next. They say Englishmen are at their best in times of crisis, don't they? Well, it's certainly true in our case. The audience love it because they're never sure if something has gone wrong, or whether it was meant to happen. I can tell them this much; if they think something's wrong, then they're right."

This ad-libbing is an ideal basis for television slapstick, but there is little room for it in films. This is probably why Morecambe and Wise have never rated as great box-office attractions. The cinema screen is too rigid a medium to accommodate their leisurely



DURING OUR ACT, THEY'RE RIGHT—' *Morecambe (right) and Wise*

and rambling brand of humour. "The limitation of films is that you have to go through everything again and again until you get it just right," said Ernie. "We don't have much say in the script anyway, so we're a bit dwarfed."

When I met them, they were working on the set of their third film, *The Magnificent Two*, at Pinewood Studios. Eric and Ernie begin as salesmen of toy soldiers then become involved in a revolution in South America. The studio had been converted into a vast jungle encampment, where the rebels were drinking to the success of their mission to overthrow a recalcitrant dictator. But predictably, most of the fun was happening off the set. One of the extras was wielding a huge pan of flaming hessian to give the illusion of flickering firelight. In the middle of the serious business of lighting preparations and director's instructions, Ernie yelled out: "Here, lads, dig in. Tom's got the sheesh-kebab." "Poor old Tom," shouted Eric from the other side of the encampment. "Is there any cure for it?"

In a more serious mood after the shooting, Eric gestured to the milling crowds of stage hands and extras, and said: "I must admit, though, it's great to be great. Look at all this expense and fuss of this set. It's all there just to promote us two – all these thousands of pounds worth of it."

"Everything about our rise to fame has been a little haphazard," said Ernie. "Our whole act together started in a railway carriage between Birmingham and Coventry in 1941. We were both working separately in Bryan Michie's show *Youth takes a Bow*. Eric's mother was with us on the train. She used to look after both of us at the time.

"Out of the blue, she suggested that we start a double act. Right there on the train we began imitating the great pairs of our time. We pinched material from everybody, starting with Laurel and Hardy, and ending with Abbott and Costello. This one train journey made us determined to stick together, and we worked up our act from there.

"The War broke it up. I joined the Merchant Navy and Eric became a Bevan Boy, and went down the mines. When peace came, we joined a travelling circus and worked at our act."

And yet it was an act which took 20 years to come off.

The rivalry which they emphasise on stage is one of county and home. Eric was born at Morecambe in Lancashire (hence his adopted name; his real name is Eric Bartholemew), and Ernie was born as Ernest Wiseman, in Leeds, Yorkshire. "It's the War of the Roses all over again," said Eric. And which county wins? "Lancashire, of course," said Eric. "The only good thing Yorkshire ever produced was the road to Lancashire."

The advantage of this type of humour is that it never reaches saturation point; mutual gossip and mockery is self-perpetuating. But its latent peril is that light banter could turn into baleful malevolence. Morecambe and Wise avoid this by spending as little time as possible together off-stage.

"We get fresh material by being away from each other," said Ernie. "Then, when we see each other again, we swap experiences and develop another skit or two."

"You must remember," added Eric, "that we spend most days together from 8 till 6, and after that we just want to go home and see our families. We're rarely, if ever, together when we're off duty. We're homely lads at heart."

Eric Morecambe is 40, and Ernie Wise 41. They have no worries about the approach of middle age, but feel just a little out of touch with the great moves of our time. For instance, they are vaguely derisive about the London scene, but at the same time it disconcerts them slightly. For fear of appearing ridiculous, they treat the mad frenzies of youth with benevolent indifference. In *The Magnificent Two*, they have wistful but mild relationships with their leading ladies – Margit Saad and Isobel Black – Ernie describes it as a "cocker-spaniel-to-master relationship."

Their act remains unaffected by great events and mutations, and in this sense it is timeless. Wars could break out, and new islands could spring up out of the ocean, but Morecambe and Wise would still be taking a rise out of each other. "You must remember," said Ernie, "that we're quite simple lads. You mustn't ask all these questions of great import. You'll change us into phoney intellectuals."

DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

JOHNNY PRITCHETT, Britain's middleweight champion, and one of boxing's knock-out specialists, caused a mild sensation in a totally different sphere last week – he was engaged by Sammy Davis Jnr as an interior decorator. His task is a formidable one. He has to submit plans for the decoration of the Penthouse suite at the Royal Garden Hotel to suit Sammy Davis's own taste and requirements.

No doubt it is all part of mood living. Sammy Davis has booked the suite from the beginning of next June until the end of December, when he comes over to London with *Golden Boy*, the boxing musical in which he starred on Broadway.

"We do not normally allow our clients to decorate the suites for themselves," said the hotel's manager, Mr Michael de Marco, one of the suavest hotel managers in the business, who allows nothing to upset the even tenor of his ways. "However," he added, "no one has ever taken the suite for more than a week before, and Sammy Davis will be making it his home for more than six months, so obviously we are prepared to make an exception."

When the redecoration job is completed, it is to be renamed the Golden Boy suite. Since the charge is 50 guineas a night, I reckon that is the least they can do.

Valentino, Italy's leading dress designer, has been lured to London for the first time with the whole of his new spring collection, even before it is seen in Italy. He is showing it at a charity gala on 30 January at Annabel's club to raise money for the artisans and craftsmen of Florence, whose whole existence has been threatened by the recent floods.

Mr Mark Birley, the owner of Annabel's, said: "There are so few real craftsmen left in this world that I wanted to do everything possible to help those Florentines who still carry on crafts that are centuries old."

It will be one of the most ambitious social occasions of the year, for although Annabel's holds only 170 people for dinner, with room for another 100 at the bar, Mark Birley has set himself the target of raising £5,000 – a sum the largest charity ball in London would be delighted to achieve.

The tickets for the dinner, which it is hoped will be supervised by that great Florentine restaurateur Sabbatini himself, will be 12 guineas, and all the food and wine is being given by Mr Birley, who is allowing nothing to be put against expenses.

If the target is to be achieved, most of the money will have to be raised by a raffle, for which the tickets are £1 each. All the prizes have not been finalised but they include a Valentino dress, a Mediterranean cruise for two, and a Fiat car donated by one of Annabel's members, Gianni Agnelli, the owner of Fiat.

"We are still looking for a first prize," said Mr Birley, which must rate as the quote of the week.

For Florence

The fate of Florence has really captured the imagination of Londoners. Another committee, headed by Francesca Roberti, the daughter of Mrs Peter Thornycroft, interior decorator Peter Luscombe and Lady Jacqueline Rufus Isaacs, is setting up a night club in the beautiful house in Upper Grosvenor Street owned by Leonard, the hair stylist. All four floors are being taken over for one night on 4 January and the bar, I am informed, is to be among the hair dryers.

The whole transformation has to take place between 6.30 pm, when the salon closes, and 10 pm, when the night club opens. It should be an interesting sight for the ladies arriving for early hair appointments the following morning.

Gambling

When the gambling disease really gets hold of you, there are three normal avenues of escape – a gun, a monastery or membership of gamblers anonymous.

One of London's leading punters has taken a different course. He has written to all the gambling clubs of which he is a member informing them that he will not be responsible for any debts resulting from any credit they might give him. There are those, of course, who do not need to take this precaution.

I have made some detailed research this week into what the leading débutantes of 12 months ago are doing now – and I find that times are changing.

Melissa Fairbanks, daughter of Douglas Fairbanks, is studying drama; Berry Berenson, the grand-daughter of Schiaparelli, is working as an assistant to a fashion photographer (but he has the saving grace of being a peer); Gillian Colquhoun is working for *Vogue* Pattern Book; Belinda Lilley, daughter of racehorse owner Mrs Hue-Williams, is teaching coloured children to read; while Caroline Ripley, Lady Romayne Grimston and Lady Charlotte Manners, the daughter of the Duke of Rutland, are all working full-time as models.

In the most plebeian of professions, the aristocrats are holding their own. If this goes on, the débutante season will not be such a joke after all.

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The girl who loves Teddy bears

Ann-Marie Farr is a grown-up married woman of 27 who spends her life in a wonderland of Teddies, bunnies, gollies, heffalumps and woolly ducks. Her husband, Robert, is a psychologist and so far has shown no signs of concern. For cuddly toys are Ann-Marie's career. She is the chief toy designer for Pedigree Toys. Ann-Marie has a definite philosophy about toys. "The facial expression is important. The toy must have a happy face with a smile, and be both cuddly and appealing." The toys she designs are usually washable, unless they growl. If they growl they can't be washed and grow into grubby beatnik bears. Ann-Marie doesn't have children, "yet," she says. There may be trouble when the Farrs do start their family. Ann-Marie has a dozen toys of her own. She says wistfully that she never had a Teddy bear when she was a little girl. "It wasn't a case of being deprived. One never came along."

The tycoon who tours the world buying antiques - for his offices

Jules Stein shows his wife, Doris, an elaborately-worked antique Chinese p- celain puzzle.

There are dull millionaires and dreary millionaires, mean millionaires and moody millionaires. The rarest kind of millionaire has a pleasant personality, uses his money to help others and is delightful company. He can be a patron of the arts in the grand eighteenth style, and a benefactor to modern medicine. DOREEN KING interviewed Jules Stein, the American tycoon who founded the entertainment industry giant, MCA. She is convinced he is one of the rare ones. . . .

JULES STEIN is a spare white-haired American septuagenarian, with considerable style, considerable taste and a considerable fortune. Mr Stein founded the entertainment empire known as MCA. In their heyday before the Kennedy administration brought a monopolies case against the company, MCA was also the world's largest firm of theatrical agents.

Mr Stein himself relates with a chuckle the classic MCA story about the dying actor who with his last breath directs that 10 per cent of his ashes should go to MCA.

MCA is the biggest independent packager of television shows—*Hitchcock*, *The Virginian* and the *Bob Hope Show* among others. The company is in motion pictures through Universal Studios. Their fingers are also in the record industry through Decca. And there's a music publishing company and a bank or two as well.

Mr Stein is a millionaire.

But besides being an extremely astute businessman, Mr Stein is a collector and connoisseur of world reputation. MCA offices throughout the world are furnished with either antique or reproduction 18th century English furniture. Mr Stein smiled when I asked if good executives were rewarded with Chippendale desks. "They get their bonuses in money," he said.

I met Mr Stein and his attractive wife, Doris, 64, at their London home, an elegant mews flat off Park Lane. The Steins spend only a couple of weeks a year in their London home. But it has been furnished with the care, taste and flair for comfort that Mr Stein shows in his other homes, in Beverly Hills, and in New York.

Hayloft door

He showed me the original hayloft door in the flat with great delight. Mr Stein lectures gently like a fine arts professor when one admires his possessions.

"Now this is porcelain I bought at Sotheby's. It's 18th century and early 19th century Chinese export porcelain. It was made in Canton for the foreign trade. Sometimes people call it Lowestoft but that's a misnomer. The correct name is Compagnie-des-Indes." He handles the porcelain lovingly but dismisses it brusquely as "decorative but not important."

The painting over the mantelpiece is by Jean Paul, 1760. By the fireplace is an exquisite miniature bureau. "This we'd call a slant-front bureau. I guess you call it a secretaire.

"Now these were originally made up as models by the furniture designer. It's 18th century, 1780 or so I'd say—might be earlier. Queen Anne, I can tell by the legs. Walnut, so it's quite valuable."

Mr Stein usually buys at the London salerooms whenever he's in the country. His New York and California homes are both decorated and furnished in his favourite style, "18th century English—perhaps 10 per cent French."

His New York home is nearly opposite the Frick Museum. "That's why we don't have many paintings there," he smiled then admitted, "Well we do have quite a few Augustus Johns . . ."

Mr Stein originally qualified as a doctor. He has an intense interest in medicine and especially in ophthalmology. Ask him if he regrets turning to business instead of practising medicine and the head of MCA replies without hesitation: "I'm a businessman. I know the business problems that have to be solved before you can do good."

As a businessman—and a major philanthropist—Mr Stein does not follow the usual American pattern. He has established a charitable foundation and he's running it himself. His philosophy is why let other people distribute his fortune after he dies? He wants to do it himself *now*.

In a speech he made at a New York dinner for the Jules Stein Eye Institute which he founded, he said: "For those who have achieved an unusual measure of material success, there is a tendency to leave the fulfilment of one's obligations to mankind to disinterested individuals who will administer our estates and foundations long after we are gone. We write off one of life's greatest experiences when we are content to write in a will, 'I hereby leave to my executors and/or trustees X dollars, or such a per cent of my estate, to be distributed for such objects as my executors and/or trustees deem best. . . .'"

He expressed his feelings best when he added: "Knowledge and experience and exceptional talents for organisation and planning cannot be

words written into a will. They must be expended in one's lifetime or be forever lost. . . .

"If I am to be remembered in the years to come, I truly believe my name will be associated more with ophthalmology and the preservation of sight than the good fortune I have experienced in my business endeavours."

Mr Stein became Dr Stein for a moment to examine my glasses, made a snap and accurate diagnosis of acute myopia plus astigmatism.

As an Anglophile and philanthropist, he has made this country an extremely handsome offer, which to his disappointment has not yet received the reaction he hoped to stimulate. He has offered £10,000 to be matched by nine other donors to go toward the Institute of Ophthalmology here.

No response

"So far there's been no response at all. You've rich men here. Aren't they interested in the sight of their own people? People are living longer and blindness is on the increase especially among over-65s."

The Steins were in England this trip to help organise the world première of the new Charlie Chaplin film, *Countess from Hong Kong*. The première will be at the Carlton Cinema on 8 January and should be a glittering occasion. Chaplin's co-star Sophia Loren will attend. "And the whole Chaplin family," said Mr Stein happily, "all eight or nine or ten of 'em. Even the boy who used to be called a beatnik." The proceeds from the première are going to our Institute of Ophthalmology's Fight for Sight campaign.

The talents for organisation and planning which Mr Stein intends to use now and not write into his will, are obviously being used enthusiastically and efficiently over the première. "We're holding the French première at the Paris Opera House, the Italian première in Rome, and there our movie's been chosen by the Italian equivalent of the Oscar committee."

The entertainment czar spoke the final word. "It's an amusing light comedy. It's not 4½ hours long and it's not about problems."

Pictures by Colin Smith

IN A CHILD'S EYES . . . THE WONDER OF CHRISTMAS

LONDON'S Christmas lights, that turn the barren canyon of Oxford Street into a parade of fantasy and translate the elegant curve of Regent Street into a swag of glitter, have their critics. Those with pretensions to design consciousness mutter about garishness; motorists yell about the traffic jams; shoppers grumble about the sightseers. Yet others condemn them as mere incitements to commercialism.

But the lights can also be seen as a simple statement of festive joy and are received as such by the children whose direct responses to the rainbows of light are undiverted by cynical adult considerations.

These pictures were taken by DAVID WATERMAN just after the lights had been switched on. And in they flocked, the children from all over London; children to whom the festival of Christmas is dedicated.

In a myriad of lights, amid the booming traffic, something special in a shop window takes this child's attention.

Warmly wrapped, there's a mixture of solemnity and puzzlement in the eyes of this little girl as she gazes across the street. **Below:** Of course, the front seat upstairs of a No 88 bus gives the best view of all.

Angela Ince

TOMORROW morning (or today, or yesterday, or even the day before yesterday, depending on how quickly you got hold of a copy of this magazine) is, or was, the day that children started to read their Christmas-present books. Following the current fashion of no violence and no nastiness, they will be gay, improving, witty and whimsical. For small children there will be books about wise mice and witty bears, for teenagers there will be helpful books with names like *Sally: State Registered Nurse*, and *Jean Becomes an Apprentice Hairdresser*.

There will be tolerant books about life in other countries – ". . . Nahmood is a little Egyptian boy, and he lives with his mummy and daddy on the banks of the Suez Canal. . . ." There will be a large wedge of junior science fiction, but even that will be good, clean, Queensberry Rules fun. Even on television children are, this season, protected from their worse selves; new versions of *Cinderella* and *Alice in Wonderland* considered to be unsuitable for children have either been cancelled or set back to a later viewing hour.

Violence

Well, I have spent the last few days re-reading the books that I, and most of my generation, were brought up on. And if it is true what they say about fictional violence, my friends and I should be the finest collection of liars, cheats and telephone-vandals of all time. Those books which, at five years old, sent me off into a deep, innocent dreamless sleep, now appear to my adult eyes as tiny, macabre précis of a sort of Junior Theatre of Cruelty; those stories which at seven years old had me laughing merrily at the humour of it all would, if presented at the Royal Court Theatre, have strong young theatre critics staggering off to the bar for a reviving brandy.

The first story in my edition of *Grimm's Fairy Tales* (and one which I remember thinking extremely droll) is a singularly bizarre and unpleasing little story about a Mouse, a Bird and a Sausage who set up home together, and after some weeks of peaceful co-existence start arguing about the chores each of them carries out.

Sausage, an unconvincing character who never, if I may say so, really gets into the skin of his part, insists on going out to collect firewood; he is eaten (quite rightly in my view) by a Dog he happens to meet. Dog, who apparently knows his way about, and should do well in politics, says that he found Sausage carrying forged letters, and therefore his life was forfeit.

Sacrificed

Worse fates attend poor Bird and Mouse. Mouse falls into the pot while stirring the vegetables; ". . . alas! before she had scarcely got in, her skin and hair came off, and her life was sacrificed." When Bird comes home, and is unable to find Mouse, she behaves pretty much as you'd expect her to; ". . . throwing away in a pet the sticks she had gathered, she called and searched high and low; but no cook could she discover. From her carelessness the fire reached the wood, and a grand conflagration commenced; so that poor Bird hastened to the brook for water, but, her pail falling in, she was carried with it, and not being able to extricate herself in time, she sank to the bottom."

This is just the first of a series of stories in which young men, employing a system of treachery, murder, trickery and what would nowadays be described as fraudulent conversion, win the princess's hand and half the kingdom (in some cases, *all* the kingdom, since as soon as they are comfortably ensconced in the palace, they subtly manage to dispose of father - in - law). Stories in which sparrows go round pecking out horses' eyes. Stories in which, when a dwarf takes a dislike to a girl, he bewitches her, so that every time she speaks a toad springs out of her mouth. Stories redolent of casual parenthood – show me a woodcutter in *Grimm's* or *Andersen's*, and I will show you a father who thinks nothing of sending his daughters out into woods swarming with witches, evil old men who change into handsome young princes (or vice versa), beds that drop their occupants into cellars at the touch of a switch, and the usual complement of Robber Barons.

Turning with a nervous shudder from fairy tales to dear old warm, comforting Beatrix Potter, I turned with twitching fingers the pages of *The Tale of Samuel Whiskers, or the Roly-Poly Pudding*. This is the story of a naughty kitten called Tom. While hiding from his mother, he is caught by a pair of rats who plan to make him into a kitten dumpling. They tie him up and roll him in butter and cover him with dough. " 'I do not think,' said Samuel Whiskers, pausing to take a look at Tom Kitten, 'I do *not* think it will be a good pudding. It smells sooty.' "

Fortunately Tom Kitten is rescued by a dog called John Joiner in the nick of time, but it's pretty gruelling stuff in the interval.

Irritable

After three days of back-to-childhood reading, I am jumpy and irritable. I look askance at sparrows, I wonder whether my dog merely wants to go out or is mutely begging me to say the one word that will change her back into a golden-haired princess (I certainly hope I don't hit on it, since nothing would be more inconvenient), and I nervously expect to be changed into a toad by that little old lady whom I turned away from my door last week.

Of course, all these stories are quite suitable for *children*. But I do advise any child who has them in his possession to keep them away from tremulous adult eyes. We're just not tough enough.

London's faces: James Mason by Vasco Lazzolo

For the second of his series of London faces, commissioned by *London Life*, Vasco Lazzolo has chosen one of Britain's greatest international stars

At 57, James Mason seems to have reached the apogee of his career, yet like a number of successful actors, he sooner or later becomes disenchanted with most of the things he attempts. Vasco Lazzolo's portrait captures the innate restlessness of his character, the questing spirit which constantly seeks new directions for its own advancement. "I am a slow study," said Mr Mason. "Now that I have reached what in business would be considered as retirement age, I am just beginning to catch on. I am a much better actor now, and I think I could be a good director if I were not so greedy. To be the kind of director I would like to be, I would need a long schedule if not a long budget. Salary wise, I would expect to start at the bottom. But it is the film-star salary that I am not eager to relinquish. However, I have a three-year plan. I figure that in three years I shall be able to afford to take off for a couple of years and earn practically nothing." To destroy and to rebuild is probably James Mason's greatest ambition. Of London's appearance, he said: "I would love to be an architectural commissar in London. Most of the buildings that hit the returning eye have about as much artistic merit as the Berlin Wall."

A model of the Scratchwood service area at Hendon. Skilful combining of three restaurants to suit all motorists, in attractive surroundings.

THE SERVICE AREA THEY'VE DESIGNED TO BE JUST THAT

Two young architects and an interior designer form one of London's brightest design firms. Patrick Garnett, Tony Cloughley and Erik Blakemore have been commissioned by the Ministry of Transport to inject new attractiveness and charm into motorway service areas. The result can be seen in the first motorists' resting place inside London – at Hendon. MICHAEL VESTEY discusses the merits of this exciting project.

MOTORWAY service areas sometimes look as though a group of labourers has thrown wood and concrete together as an afterthought. You know the sort of buildings – weak-looking, sheds standing innocuously, beside the road. Hardly a tribute to British design.

But on the other hand, you might ask is it worth spending the money to have them creatively and completely architect designed? As simply pull-ins for snack-seeking motorists, they at least suit their function.

People, though, expect more than just a functional restaurant-shelter; and bearing this in mind, the Ministry of Transport is laying out £300,000 on the first motorway service within the London boundary – at Hendon. It is also the first service area completely designed by architects, and approved by the Fine Arts Commission.

"It was considered important by the Ministry to give motorists a quiet refuge from the harshness of traffic." So says 34-year-old Mr Patrick Garnett, one of three briskly modern architectural designers in the firm Garnett, Cloughley and Blakemore, responsible for this new project.

"They wanted the service area to have an inward tranquil character, away from the hubbub. It is a modern, simple and what we architects call a pure building. The atmosphere is one of restfulness."

The three men are very proud of their service area, which consists of three separate eating places. They have incorporated a certain amount of subtle segregation in the plans: there is the transport café for lorry drivers; self-service cafeteria for motorists in a hurry; a grill and griddle restaurant which is more expensive.

Although they back on to a central courtyard with fountains and foliage – a nice, horticultural touch – there is the additional screening of tinted windows. Except for the transport café, the restaurants have fitted carpets.

The Ministry commissioned the firm to draw plans which they have approved. Fortes will handle the catering, and work is expected to begin at the site – situated on grassland at a site called Scratchwood near Hendon – early next year. However, it is not the welcome facets of design that interest us about this service area, but the fact that a creative team of architects have been commissioned to do it.

Patrick Garnett, Tony Cloughley (33) and Erik Blakemore (39) believe any amount of time should be devoted to designing even the most mundane establishments.

"If we were asked to design a working men's club we would show just as much enthusiasm as if it were one of our exciting projects," says Blakemore.

This is the firm that designed the GPO revolving tower restaurant for Sir Billy Butlin. Their other projects include homes for Lord Mountbatten, the Marchioness of Londonderry, Lord Brabourne; development of Burgh Island, Devon, as a holiday resort; the Pony Trotting Stadium at Prestatyn, North Wales; various restaurants and housing estates.

The firm was formed six years ago after the three young architects returned from work in America. With the association of David Hicks they have managed to combine architectural work with interior design and decoration.

The three young men deal not only with the private, specialised market, but also with the mass market. Design is important no matter what the commission.

Blakemore added: "The architect is involved with space; the decorator applies objects and decoration; the designer is involved in a three-dimensional way, with space, lighting and everything.

"We think our interior is very good and relates well to the function of the building."

Two of the partners are family men, Patrick Garnett and Erik Blakemore. Tony Cloughley is a bachelor. Patrick and Tony have houses in nearby Chester Row; Erik Blakemore lives at Stoke Poges.

They are three architectural designers who are urgently improving the standard of British design.

It's the end of condescension in books for the young . . . and the problem of illustrators today is —

THE ART OF KEEPING UP WITH THE CHILDREN

Over 2,000 children's books were published this year. New printing techniques, and the possibility of simultaneous printing for the British and American market, have meant that they are more lavish than ever before. What are the aims and attitudes of the people who create the books which will determine whether the children of the future will look at books at all? CAROLE D'ALBIAC talked to story-tellers and illustrators like John Burningham, whose ugly, appealing little dog, Simp (right, and pictured on the cover as she appears in his book, *Cannonball Simp*, published by Jonathan Cape) has some way of getting across to children for which no mere formula exists.

WHEN the crackers are pulled, the balloons burst, the chocolates eaten and the expensive gadgets sampled, there remains the more elusive, magical world of picture books.

It is often said, in criticism, that children's books these days are produced so lavishly that they appeal, not to the children themselves, but to the grown-ups who buy them. But it is more true to say that the artists who draw for children are indeed drawing for themselves, and that many of them feel that they are nearer to children than the average adult whose sensibilities are blunted by experience and whose perceptions are no more acute.

"I make no concessions at all to the fact that I am drawing for children," explains George Him, whose Giant Alexander books are one of the success stories of the year. "Children are people just like everybody else. The only difference is that children really read a book. They naturally look at every detail, notice every little private joke that you put in."

Culture sample

Children's artists no longer specialise in children's art. Children are given every opportunity to sample contemporary culture in an unsweetened, uncondescending form. George Him has designed the Schweppes ads, is co-ordinator of the Israel Pavilion at the Montreal World Fair and was responsible for collecting together and designing the Masada exhibition at the Festival Hall. He simply enjoys thinking about how his jovial, 60-foot-high hero would reach Nelson's Column or iron his trousers.

John Burningham, whose queer, appealing little dog, Simp, is shown on our cover in her moment of triumph with a circus clown, designs posters and does illustrations for *Vogue*.

William Stobbs, as well as producing much-admired picture books for children, is Principal of Maidstone College of Art. And Beni Montresor, a young artist from Verona whose illustrations for a book called *May I Bring a Friend* are both lavish and utterly simple, is responsible for the sets for the opera *Benvenuto Cellini*, currently at Covent Garden.

He says: "Children understand fantasy. When we are born we have everything. When we are grown up we are educated and we have nothing. We must go back and find again the lost innocence of youth."

Variety is a principle most illustrators agree on. Children love whole pages devoted to words like "And she said . . ." so that there is excitement in turning over. They like to pore over books. They like each page to be different; the days of the carefully drawn vignette carefully placed on each page are over. Children's books today are deeply influenced by the visual lavishness of the cinema – far more so than adults' books.

Like a film

John Burningham tries to alternate between a page of dark colour and a page of light colour "so that it should work almost like a film." Some pictures are harsh, strong outlines against a white background, others complete, bled-off colour all over the page with just a box space for the words. His wall friezes for very young children are even more like films, with an immense feeling of progression from one scene to the next.

Brian Wildsmith, who has illustrated Robert Louis Stevenson's verses in strictly modern style, achieves the same action-packed variety and sense of movement. A little boy gazing at his treasures, a little girl on a swing, a train whistling through the night, imaginary houses dotted all over the page – he doesn't illustrate the poem so much as one line, or one idea in it. He says that he tries to get the feeling that "the drawing can only perfectly exist inside the book. One way to do this is to overlap the page, to make a drawing 'live' over the edges of the page, to add a new dimension."

Colour year

Colour is a development from the improved methods of printing. There has never been a year when there was so much colour on the children's bookstalls. Colour to create atmosphere, colour to create variety, colour, as Beni Montresor uses it, to excite a sense of lyrical, visual splendour. No illustrator will name his style, most disclaim that they ever think about style. But in their use of colour each one is different.

Charles Keeping's use of colour is highly individual. He says: "A book must be a *total* experience from beginning to end, not a collection of pictures in book form. I try to achieve a transparency of colour, a sparkle, and to give a pictorial sense of the change of day. I don't like exact colour; I prefer things tinged all over with colour."

His story about a little boy in search of a carthorse are half-tone drawings in water-colour. He uses very little white, rarely mixes colour, never confines his colour too rigidly to its outline. The result is a unique atmospheric blending and progression of colour.

Another aspect of change in children's books in recent years has been our emergence from sentimentality. In order to be appealing, there is no need to be sickly. Children accept harshness, not necessarily because they are horrid little things, but because, as their illustrators say, they are too intelligent not to see the way things are.

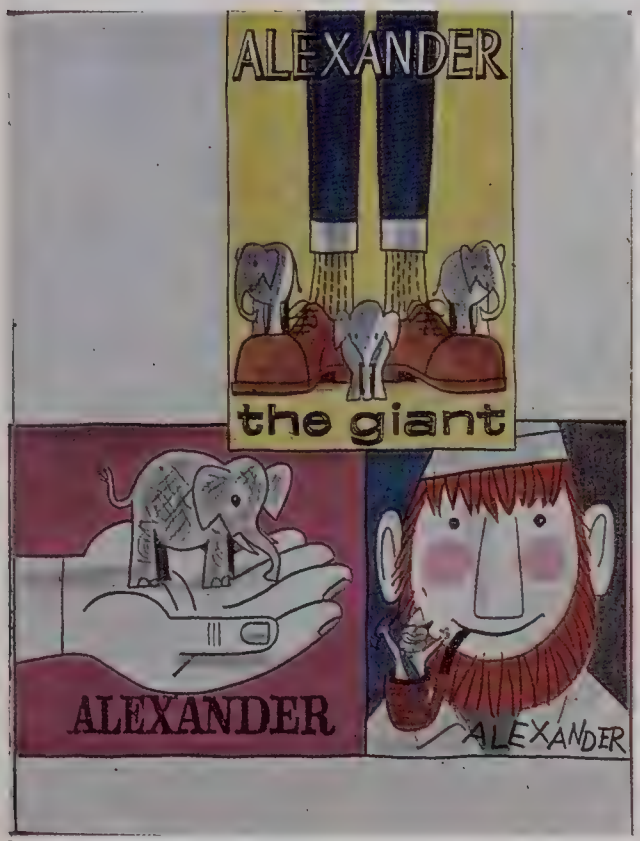
Nursery rhymes

A classic of the year is Raymond Briggs' collection of 408 nursery rhymes (with 897 illustrations) which he has filled with extraordinary, real people: little old women with protruding chins; jovial, ugly old men. When Jack and Jill fall down the hill they fall, not according to the laws of gravity, but as one's subconscious imagines falling; when the madman leaps into the burning wheelbarrow he yells.

Raymond Briggs says: "I think drawings have been over-sweetened in the past half-century. The rhymes come from a time when people were less psychology-conscious and a lot healthier. They encompass the whole experience of man over centuries, from poetry right down to cruelty."

When he visited the Children's Book Centre in Kensington to talk to children about their books they told him to add bars to the pumpkin in which Peter the Pumpkin-eater keeps his wife, and to make the little pig who had

NOW: HOW TO SPEND THO



The city of Venice was sparkling in the summer sun. A group of girls were gathered in the square in front of the Ducal Palace, tying up bouquets of red and white roses. They were a little sad, for Marco and Giuseppe Palmier, brothers, and the handsomest gondoliers of them all, were coming today to pick their brides from among the girls. Unfortunately, there were only two of them—and twenty-four girls!

The other gondoliers of Venice were also handsome, but they couldn't get a moment's notice until Marco and Giuseppe had made their choices. Then the left-over girls would at last look their way.

From page 27

no roast beef very thin. "They kept suggesting things that I had not thought of. They are tough – and ultra-logical. When it boils down to the simple question that all painters and illustrators ask themselves . . . "what is it that gets the message across?" . . . the answer, as with any consumer, is a complex one. Did children really like the classics of children's literature, Tenniel's drawings for Alice, Hugh Lofting's for Doctor Dolittle, Shepard's for Winnie the Pooh? What of the Mabel Lucie Attwells, the Noddies and the Batmans?

The best illustrators of today are trying to appeal to a new breed of child, who has commercial television and the cinema to lure him from books, the possibility of increasingly mechanised education to change the way his mind works. Past successes must be re-styled, and new and democratic, possibly science-fiction-style myths

CHRISTMAS BOOK TOKENS

So he began running through the market toward the river. He felt that somehow, somewhere, he would find her.

A SHIP A-SAILING

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea,
And oh, but it was laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were all of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors,
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck
With a packet on his back,
And when the ship began to move
The captain said, Quack! Quack!

Off went the Simpleton and cut down the tree, and when it fell, there among its roots sat a goose, with feathers of pure gold.

must be invented. It may sound snobbish, but the best illustrators and storytellers of today have this in common: they are trying to give the child a genuine artistic experience, which is not condescending and not commercial.

Top row, from left: *A Child's Garden of Verses* by Robert Louis Stevenson, illustrated by Brian Wildsmith (Oxford University Press, 25s); *A Book of Wizards* by Ruth Manning-Sanders, illustrated by Robin Jacques (Methuen, 21s); *May I Bring a Friend* by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers, illustrated by Beni Montresor (Collins, 13s 6d); *Shaun and the Carthorse* by Charles Keeping (Oxford University Press, 16s); *The Mother Goose Treasury of Nursery Rhymes,* illustrated by Raymond Briggs (Hamish Hamilton, 35s). **Bottom row, from left:** *Giant Alexander and the Circus* by Frank Herrmann, illustrated by George Him (Methuen, 15s); *The Gondoliers,* illustrated by Anne and Janet Grahame Johnstone (Nelson, 6s); *The Golden Goose* by William Stobbs (Bodley Head, 12s 6d); *Freddy the Fell Engine* by Papas (Oxford, 16s).

SARAH DRUMMOND

TALKING FASHION

HOW, one asks oneself in despair, does one stand a chance of looking good in the beating rain and howling winds? It's all very well if you're chauffeur-driven from A to B, but if you're a less-privileged mortal and must battle against the elements – hair blowing to pieces, parcels whirling out of your hands as you struggle with the scarf you're desperately attempting to put on, umbrella trying to turn inside out while you step into a puddle and miss a bus – it's grim. Assuming one is not, alas, in the category of the very rich and chauffeur-driven, there seem to be two courses open: either to Be Prepared, or to Take No Notice.

Being prepared means dressing the part – and always having concealed about your person an emergency scarf, or that fearful object, an umbrella. Some girls I've seen recently look great in the weatherwoman role – in PVC sou'westers and shiny, noisy raincoats and boots; or those immensely chic off-white Burberry raincoats (£20), with buckles at the wrist, worn Paris-style with the belt buckled behind (that's the way French *men* wear them, too), and a pretty headscarf.

Stunning

I saw one girl who looked very stunning in a warm coat – there's nothing so chilling as someone who actually *looks* freezing and miserable – and a little jersey scarf underneath a Biba wide felt hat; these come in a vast variety of colours and cost 19s 6d each. The Take No Notice school wear exactly what they would wear whatever the weather (which might well be boots) and don't mind their hair blowing or getting wet . . . it's probably the long, blonde, straight sort or boyishly short, anyway. But, most remarkable, they actually look as though they're enjoying the whole thing. I asked John of Knightsbridge what he thinks the solution to the hair and rain/wind problem is. He suggests Carmen curlers, tongs or a very hot hand-dryer for rats'-tails sessions at home. In his salon he uses a stronger setting lotion and much more lacquer than otherwise, and says that, in fact, elaborate "up" hair styles are more likely to stay in place – if covered gently with a scarf and protected by a brolly – than down-flowing styles.

Frances Treweek's drawing of the sort of clothes she likes . . . well away from the kookiness of the English fashion.

Lucie Clayton, head of the modelling school and agency, says that most of her models are nonchalantly in the Don't Care category, so far as the grisly weather is concerned; certainly none of them would dream of bothering with an umbrella. Miss Clayton's solution of how to look good in the rain is undoubtedly the best . . . make sure you're always with a man who's got an umbrella.

Frances Treweek is 21 and has a burning ambition to work for Emanuelle Khanh. She is going to Paris in January to try her luck. So far, her credentials are two years' training at the Cambridge School of Art, filling in a little time working on James Wedge's hats, followed by a year at Biba's (making up the samples), and then nine months on her own as designer-maker.

Involved

Frances loves working with good fabrics, and has turned away people with tatty materials. Her work is quite beautiful. She is one of those people who gets involved with her work – and can only do something well if she likes it. She intensely dislikes the English fashion scene at the moment – the kookiness, masculinity and futuristic look of it all.

The French, she believes, understand fashion far better than us. They avoid artificial fabrics like plastic and concentrate on the naturals. And she is so ardent an admirer of Emanuelle Khanh that she wouldn't mind how lowly her job was.

LILLEY AND SKINNER have introduced a wider range of shoe sizes in their Oxford Street branch: shoes for the tall woman with thin feet, and for the small woman wanting tiny sizes. They now have a good and big selection of 2 to 3 English (3½ to 4½ American), and 3½ to 10½ English, 10B, 12AA, B American).

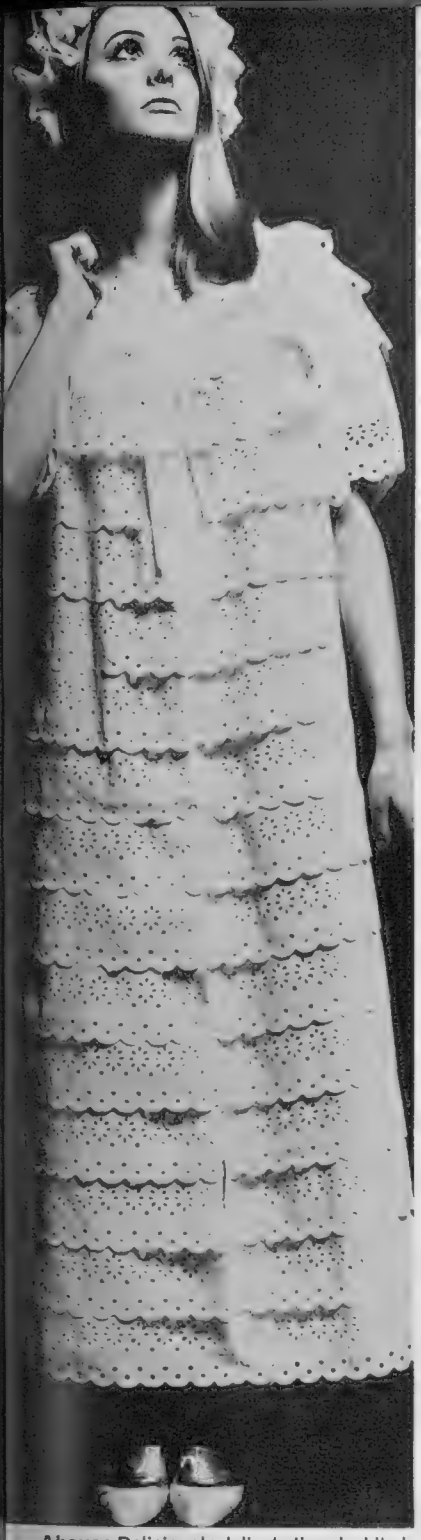
Dickins and Jones have go a splendid real jeweller department, which has bee building up over the last fiv years. There are enchantin rings, brooches, necklaces an earrings, in turquoise, garnets citrines, amethysts; and plent of lovely gold chains, thin an thick, which are marvellou for sad little lockets. Also i great quantities are individua charms and coins for addin on to bracelets. The period i predominantly Victorian, an the price range starts at 5s 6 and finishes at £70. Second hand jewellery is cheap com pared to modern, becaus there is no purchase tax.

Ebrothique, 11 Beaucham Place, SW3 (KEN 5224), se Thai silk by the yard (plai colours only), and splendi headsquares and cravats fo £2 10s each. Happi-suits consisting of a long jacke sleeveless top and trousers are traditional Thai outfits fo men to court their ladies i Ebrothique sell them fo women, at about 26 guineas.

At Sidney Smith, 38-5 King's Road, SW3 (KE 5418): very, very pretty ve vet kilts – £5 19s 6d each – i black, scarlet, moss, oliv shocking pink, wine and whit And to match up with then white jabot Highland blouse by John Craig, in fine cotto and handfuls of frills, 52s 6 each.

At Young Jaeger: deliciou crêpe pyjama suits, 14 guinea each. The shirts have dia manté buttons and the trou sers are hugely wide an floppy – in creamy beig sludge green, or petunia.

Monocles are the newest accessory – for girls – in the Top Shop at Peter Robinson. Made by Oliver Goldsmith, each winter-smoky lens has a thin gold rim, and is on a brightly coloured ribbon. Two guineas each.



Above: Deliciously delicate tiered white broderie Anglaise dressing-gown, 7 guineas, and mob cap, 17s 6d, at Fenwick. White and silver brocade slippers, 5 guineas, at Gaby. Fenwick, New Bond Street, (MAY 9161). Gaby, 75 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 2822).

Above: White stretch towelling cat suit, warm as toast . . . trimmed with green; also in lilac, pink and turquoise, £3 9s 11d at Neatawear. **Below:** Man's scarlet Viyella nightshirt plus its own Wee Willie Winkie cap. 6¾ guineas at John Michael, from a selection. Neatawear, 55 Brompton Road, SW3 (KEN 2043); 328 Oxford Street, W1 (HYD 6477); 78 Regent Street, (REG 5668), and branches. John Michael, 83 New Bond Street, W1 (MAY 6887); 106 King's Road, SW3 (KNI 9421); 18-19 Savile Row, W1 (MAY 6887).

BEDTIME STORY . . .

fashion by
SARAH DRUMMOND
NORMA MORICEAU
MARGARET DREYFUS
pictures by
FRANK BUCK

ONCE upon a time nightwear used to be made up of layer upon layer of flimsy semi-see-through nylon, topped with lace frills – preferably black – and fussy bows, generally thought to be appealing to the male eye. Then there was a revolution in nightwear and manufacturers went mad with mumus and mini-pyjamas; men's stripey pyjama material was used for women's nighties, and high-necked Victorian nightdresses (often worn as evening dresses) had a comeback. Now anything goes: flannel night-shirts, cat suits, broderie Anglaise frills, Thai silk pyjamas, and dressing-gowns. A lot of the nightwear around now consists of dual, triple all-purpose garments – great for doing exercises in, lounging in, opening the door in. Nightwear is no longer restricted to bedrooms any more.

ONE WOMAN'S WARDROBE

This week – Bonnie Cashin

American designer Bonnie Cashin's clothes are recognised as a way of life, and are sold all over the world; she believes women should collect clothes as they do art objects and then get on with the business of good living. When Miss Cashin sets off on a travel, which is quite often, she does a wardrobe plot – what to wear, and when – which is probably a result of her film training. Before establishing Bonnie Cashin Designs (she is a free-lance designer), she designed for more than 60 films for 20th-Century Fox. Her taste is timeless and ageless . . . she loves clothes that are comfortable, easy to move in, layer clothes that you can add to or peel off, great enveloping coats based on the Noh coats of the Orient; she believes in simplicity of cut, and goes wild over colour, especially shocking-pink. Thai silk, leather, suede, furs and most of all cashmere, are her favourite fabrics. Of today's fashions Bonnie remarks: "It's so difficult for people to look elegant in mini-skirts – you have to take sides about whether you want to look elegant or yé-yé." Shoewise, this is a fine time for Bonnie, who has always advocated chunky heels and non-pointed toes, and brightly coloured shoes. These she buys mostly in America and Italy. The only jewellery she wears are a gold watch, and cube and looped silver earrings. But she adores native jewellery, which she collects, and uses decoratively in her apartment. All the clothes that Bonnie wears are, of course, her own designs; some of them are old favourites which she has had for over 15 years.

Report by SARAH DRUMMOND **Pictures by PETER MITCHELL**

Above left: Working on sketches, Bonnie wears a powder-blue cashmere sweater, and skirt. This is a new Bonnie Cashin design, and is made up by Ballantyne. **Above right:** Bonnie feels wild in her zebra-printed suede suit – the jacket, lined in seal, is chunky Noh-coat shaped. She wears it with a cashmere bag hat.

Right: Bonnie won't travel anywhere without her poncho cape – in thick brown and white tweed: she uses it as a blanket too, in a plane, in a hotel and for picnics. **Left:** Red leather hooded coat, lined with raccoon: Bonnie Cashin has had this coat for 12 years but the leather "shell" was new this year.

Below: Dark brown suede pullover tunic top, with a wide roll collar, which has its own matching skirt, and a Cashin bag.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING

Judy Whitehouse (left), a plastic surgery nurse, wearing a brown suede suit from Trog in Paris with a beige silk blouse from Granny Takes A Trip, and Edwardian riding boots from Ron Weldon's antique shop.

Anne Grundy (below), wearing a long evening dress of Chinese brocade from Hong Kong. Anne works for J Edwards & Co, an estate agency.

Edward Thorpe (above), ex-merchant seaman, now a painter, wearing a black whipcord suit from Roger Roger, white high collar shirt from Cecil Gee, wide violet silk tie, and a black and white houndstooth Ulster coat, Michael Male.

Keith Baxter (above right), currently appearing in *The Rivals*, wearing a long cream and brown striped "djellabah" – a present from Orson Welles. **Robin Barber** (below left), wearing a black-and-white check wool dress with a thin black band around cuffs and neckline from Boys in Knightsbridge. Robin works for a firm of architects. **Nikki Phillips** (below right), wearing a black wool coat edged with velvet on the collar, cuffs and hem, and a black Mole 5 cornered beret, both from Wallis. Nikki is working in the Toy Department at Harrods.

THE FASHION SERVICE FOR WOMEN . . . by Norma Moriceau

AMERICAN EXPRESS: American import at Harrods of Formula M7 – a super rejuvenating cream that tones up the skin and puts new life into tired cells. It sells at 5 guineas and 9 guineas a jar.

COLD AND DRY: *With the weather getting chillier, now is the time to really care about dry skin, and all over, not only on the face. Elizabeth Arden's body cream comes in two sizes, one at 17s and the other at 28s – and both are in lightweight bottles, so they won't break if you just happen to knock them into the bath. The cream is absorbed into the skin and should be applied immediately after the bath, on legs, arms, neck – in fact, all over.*

INDIAN ROSE: And now a hint of what's to come – Orlane are launching two new make-ups in the spring, called Rose Indien and Beige Indien, which consists of nail enamel, lip colour and foundation, with a face-powder that goes over either colour.

BUY AND TRY: *A special offer from Elizabeth Arden for January only at all stores: on purchasing their Velva Moisture Film, at 21s 3d, you get a free bottle of Blue Grass hand lotion.*

HEALTHY HAIR: At Fortnum and Mason Hairdressing Salon (REG 8040) there is a new Placenta hair treatment available, which is great for out-of-condition hair. It costs 2 guineas.

Picture by JOHN CARTER

CREAMY COLOURS: *Outdoor Girl are introducing a new range of creamy lip colours for next year. Made up of seven new colours, starting with Kitten Cream, Ginger Cream, Creamy Beige, Creamy Pink, and others. Price 3s 6d.*

SCENTED SHELL: A lovely gift idea from Floris is a Coalport china shell filled with pot-pourri flowers and rose buds. It not only looks pretty, but smells divine: 19s. 6d. Also from Floris a scented candle at £1 17s 6d, in a ceramic holder.

IN LADY SARAH COURAGE STYLE

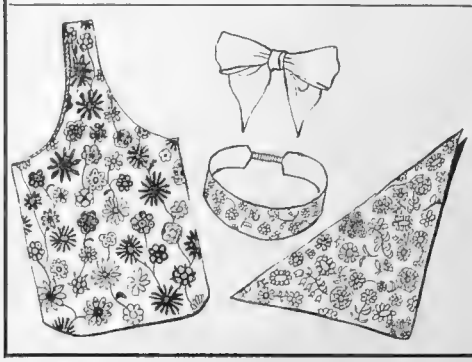
LADY SARAH COURAGE (left) is 21 and married to daring racing driver Piers Courage. She is expecting her first child in February. She was a model before her marriage and this, she says, helped a lot with her make-up – "because one tended to buy masses of cosmetics and tried lots of new styles, and since one had to use such a lot, I now wear less."

Lady Sarah has huge green eyes, fair hair and pale skin, and she hasn't had to change her make-up because of her pregnancy. Her foundation is Quant's Bare Dark Starkers topped with Revlon's beige powder, and for shading she likes Quant's Face Shapers, applied with a Quant's brush.

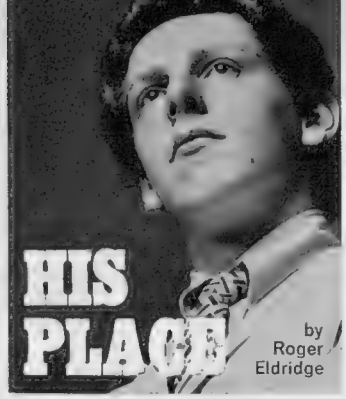
Her eyes are large and round, which she accentuates with a line of Max Factor's cake liner in brownish-black, curving down at the end, finished with strikes of underlashes which she has been wearing for ages – "long before Twiggy." For shadow she wears either the brown of Quant's Shapers, or draws a fine line in the hollow. Her eyebrows are thick and well shaped. To finish her eye make-up she uses a generous amount of Revlon's liquid black mascara.

She prefers not to wear lipstick, although she uses lip salve if her lips get too dry. To take it all off – Estee Lauder's oil; and then Lancomes Blue Tonique astringent.

Lady Sarah has her hair cut by Aldo Bruno. She regularly uses Dorothy Gray's handcream, and likes to keep her nails oval-shaped.



BITS AND PIECES: *From Ivor's Place (28 Motcomb Street, Halkin Arcade, SW1. Tel. 235/2228) comes a matching range of scarfs, bags, bows and headbands. There are lots and lots of colours, and black and white as well. Ivor's Place is a hairdressing salon (it opened just three months ago) in which they have a small boutique where they sell the above items. The scarf is £1 11s 6d, bag 1 guinea, bow and headband are both 10s 6d, and all are in PVC lined with cotton. Also at the salon they have a Pasticheur who will make up specific hair pieces, custom-made to individual requirements. This is no more expensive than buying a normal hairpiece, and you can discuss it with her on the spot.*



HIS PLACE

by Roger Eldridge

SOFT, delicate materials like silk, chiffon, brocade and lace have always been considered vaguely taboo for men, except perhaps as superficial refinements to coarse, masculine cloths beneath. Nowadays, of course, the adventurous spirit – or decadent influence, whichever way you look at it – of clothes designers knows no bounds. Now, as a natural corollary to the current Regency mystique, lace (the most touchy material of all) has been introduced as a basis for complete outfits. Even Regency dandies restricted their use of lace to jabots, cuffs and shirt frills, so that the overall adoption of the material represents a startling innovation.

Brent have introduced a range of shirts (*below*) and formal jackets in their Take 6 and Brent and Collins shops. "We have been experimenting with lace for some time," says Sidney Brent, "and have succeeded in bonding it to mohair and worsted for the first time ever. Nobody, as far as I know, has taken this step. The styling is Regency."

The new outfits include a formal evening jacket in blue Nottingham Leavers lace bonded to black mohair, with wide-faced lapels, tailored cuffs and deep pocket-flaps, at 15 guineas. (Have you noticed, incidentally, that guineas are coming back?) The shirts are available in three collar styles: wing, long-pointed and mandarin. Jabots and cuffs sell in seven bright colours at 15s the set. The lace evening wear looks very smart with one of those antique, bulbous onion watches.

Lace shirt with wing collar, by Brent, at £5 19s 6d. Black jabot at 15s.

LEST anybody accuse me of featuring impossible clothes at impossible prices, I mention a straightforward, low-budget suit, by Fox Bros. The jacket is flared – of course – and has slanting pockets. The trousers are fitted to the knee, and finished with fish-tail bottoms, which must be a cheaper variation on bell-bottoms. The suit, which comes in six two-tone stripe combinations, sells at 12 guineas. A word of warning, however. In this case durability bows to style, and I would regard such a suit as a very short-term investment.

Some end-of-season bargains at Aquascutum (100 Regent Street), from 10 January, for about 10 days. Pure cashmere coats, reduced from 65 guineas to £45 10s; leather coats, from 34 guineas to £24; proofed car coats, from about 25 guineas to £10, and a variety of sports trousers, from 8 guineas to £4 5s. At this expensive stage in the year, even the most fashion-conscious male will surely not flare his nostrils at such amazing reductions. Personally, I will take my place in the queue behind the dowdy housewives and the redundants on National Assistance.

An added luxury for those who responded to the Indian cult featured last week: a range of shirts in Indian silk, by John Michael. They come in 12 weird, iridescent colours with such names as Tiger, Taboo and Eastern Promise. The shirt costs 6½ guineas. Also available are matching ties, at 2½ guineas, and handkerchiefs, at 27s 6d. For fear of offending the faith, turbans have not yet been added to the collection.

A touch of luxury to outflank the freeze: a matching set of men's jewellery consisting of signet ring and cufflinks, with diamond embossed on platinum. The ring (£120) and the links (£220) are for sale – if not on display – at Kutchinsky, of Bond Street and Knightsbridge.

THE trouble with the present evolution in male clothing is that it is becoming more and more intricate and fragile. Fashionable clothes tend to be so decorative that one is afraid to move around in them and display any degree of energy. Psychologically, I suppose, this is inevitable – if you become feminine in your dress, you are inclined to become feminine in your attitudes.

But this tendency has inspired rebellious reactions, and men's knitwear is becoming daily more chunky and hirsute. Heavy, ribbed designs are adding to the bulky appearance. Harry Fenton, for instance, have a new "waffle" look in sweaters (*pictured below*), with latticed squares across the front. The white front is off-set with black sleeves. In a polo-neck style, the sweater sells for £5 10s.

Waffle sweater, by Harry Fenton, at £5 10s.

Concentrated foppery seems to come in cycles, and after a heavy spate of it, I believe that the present peacock peak will outlive itself. For instance, in purely practical terms, the skirt of a jacket restricts movement, and it is the first part of a suit to become creased. While English designers are still riding on the crest of the Carnaby wave, foreign clothiers like Gilbert Feruch of France, and Christine Fausel of Germany, are planning suits with jackets ending at hip level in battle-dress style. One can foresee the emergence of a Spanish-type suit with high-waisted trousers and short, fitted jackets. And from there to the Churchillian playsuit.

PALATIAL PEEP FOR CHRISTMAS VIEWERS

An unprecedented glimpse of royal living awaits television viewers on Christmas Day.

Amid the post-turkey somnolence we can lean back and embark on an armchair tour of the "greatest private collection of art in the world."

That's Sir Kenneth Clark's description of the artistic and architectural splendours of six royal places: Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, St James's Palace, Hampton Court, Kensington Palace and the Palace of Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh.

For the first time ever the Queen has decided to allow television cameras within the royal palaces. Our guide will be Sir Kenneth Clark, the distinguished critic and art historian. He introduces and narrates the hour-long film. The executive producer is Lord Windlesham, deputy general manager of Rediffusion Television.

British audiences will see the film first but in January it will be shown in America in colour. The production is a co-operative effort between the BBC and the independent television companies. They're describing themselves as the BBC/ITV consortium and one wonders what Sir John Wilder would make of it all, not to mention Mrs Dale.

Music for the programme has been specially composed and arranged by Sir Arthur Bliss, Master of the Queen's Musick (a touch the Americans are sure to appreciate). The Sinfonia of London is conducted by Muir Matheson. It's a quality programme, practically BY APPOINTMENT.

Sir Kenneth Clark comments, "The historic interest and splendour of Britain's royal palaces and the magnificent collection of works of art that they contain make them an ideal subject for a television programme.

"The story begins with Henry VIII, the first King whom we can see in the setting of his taste; the first whose great architectural works still survive – at Hampton Court."

How to beat the gremlins if they try to spoil it all

The London Christmas scene has been investigated by *London Life*, details about how to make the most of Christmas and what to do if the unexpected emergency arises

THE throb of London life seems pretty weak at a first glance on Christmas Day. However, scratch the surface and you'll find quite a lot going on – a good thing to remember if the gremlins try to scuttle your own particular arrangements.

EATING OUT

The following hotels have arranged special Christmas Day or Boxing Day lunches and dinners. Telephone first to see if last-minute reservations are still possible.

Carlton Tower, Sloane Street, SW1 (BEL 5411): Christmas Day lunch and dinner in Chelsea Room – 3 guineas a head

Cumberland, Christmas Day, L'Epee d'Or Restaurant: Normal *à la carte* service. 12-2.30 pm, and 7-10.30 pm. The Carvery: Luncheon 12.30-2.30 pm. 50s

Dorchester, Park Lane, W1 (MAY 8888): Christmas luncheon in grill room – 4 guineas

Hilton, Park Lane, W1 (HYD 8000): Christmas lunch in Roof Restaurant and International Restaurant. 42s 6d; children 35s. Father Christmas will distribute presents. Set Christmas dinner in International Restaurant, 62s 6d. Boxing Day: Special lunch in International Restaurant: 42s 6d. Dinner 62s 6d

Hyde Park Hotel, 66 Knightsbridge, SW1 (BEL 2000): Christmas Day lunch in grill room – 45s

May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 7777): Set Christmas lunch and dinner in Chateaubriand Restaurant 57s 6d. Same on Boxing Day, also Boxing Day Gala Night in Beachcomber Restaurant – 4 guineas

Pigalle, Piccadilly, W1 (REG 6423): Christmas evening, set dinner and entertainment by Chan Canasta, 57s 6d. Boxing Day, set dinner, floor show and dancing, 57s 6d

Quaglino's, Bury Street, SW1 (WHI 6767): Christmas lunch, 42s. Christmas night, set dinner, dancing and cabaret, 52s 6d. Boxing Day: Set or *à la carte* lunch, 30s. Gala dinner, 4 guineas

Regent Palace. Christmas Day: Regent Grill and Minute Room: Christmas lunch from 12.30-3 pm, 30s. Dinner/Dance in Regent Grill from 6.30-11 pm. 44s. Normal *à la carte* service in Minute Room from 5.30-10.45 pm. Boxing Day: Regent Grill, Dinner/Dance from 6.30-11pm, 44s.

Royal Garden, Kensington High Street, W8 (WES 8000): Christmas luncheon in Garden Room Restaurant, 47s 6d (two sittings at 12.30 and 2.30 pm). Christmas lunch in Royal Roof Restaurant (12.30-3 pm), 57s 6d. Boxing Day: Gala Ball in Palace Suite, 8 pm-2 am, with six-course champagne dinner and cabaret, 5½ guineas. Royal Roof Restaurant: Gala Dinner-Dance, 8 pm-2 am, 7 guineas

Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4343): Normal lunch on Christmas Day but special Christmas Candlelight Dinner in the grill with music, crackers, etc, £5 15s. Boxing Night: Gala Dinner, with dancing, cabaret etc in restaurant – 6 guineas (Cabaret – The Winter Show – Scotch Rocks with Kenneth McKeller and The Platas)

Strand Palace. Christmas Day: Exeter Room and Burleigh Suite: Christmas lunch from 12.45-3 pm. 30s. Burleigh Suite, Christmas dinner/dance from 7.30-11 pm. (Evening dress optional), 44s

HELP!

There are a few organisations functioning on Christmas Day which can provide help in emergencies:

Home Meal Delivery Service (EMP 5121) will deliver a Christmas dinner to your door, if you suddenly find that you are housebound or your stove breaks down. Their special Christmas Day menu consists of roast Norfolk turkey with chestnut stuffing and all the trimmings, Christmas pudding with brandy sauce, and hot mince-pies. The cost is 37s 6d plus a 5s delivery charge on the whole order. They will also deliver the turkey alone (stuffed and ready to serve), and also drinks. Delivery is between noon and 5 pm. On Boxing Day you can order the same menu, or choose from the regular menus starting at 21s. They will also supply snacks and hot savouries for parties. Boxing Day deliveries are from noon to 3 pm, and from 6.30 pm to 11 pm.

Last-minute turkeys: You can pick up a cheap bird at one of the turkey auctions that take place around Smithfield Market. Good time to go is on Friday afternoon, 23 December. Make for J T Hart or Wolseys in Charterhouse Street.

Problems (TAT 8181) will, if possible, supply emergency electricians or plumbers, etc, to non-members, though they really run a subscription service for members only (5 guineas a year). Their switchboard is manned day and night throughout the Christmas period. Can also be called upon to supply emergency baby-sitters.

Chemists: Boots, Piccadilly Circus (WHI 4761), and John Bell & Croyden, 50 Wigmore Street, W1 (WEL 5555), are open on Christmas Day and all night.

EMERGENCY SHOPPING

The majority of the big West End shops will be closing on Christmas Eve at 1 pm. A few, however, are remaining open in the afternoon, and for the benefit of last-second shoppers, representatives of these stores were asked to choose some presents they would themselves like to give or receive.

Mr Eric Asprey, of Asprey, New Bond Street (open Christmas Eve till 5 pm), suggested: For himself: An 18-carat gold Patek Philippe automatic waterproof date watch – £345. Less expensively, he would like a gold-plated Dupont Gas Lighter – 18 guineas. For a husband-to-wife present he suggested a choice from the following: An 18-carat gold lava finish bracelet at £117 10s; an Asprey wafer-thin lighter in 9-carat gold (probably the slimmest on the market – £58 10s; a beaded evening handbag in gold, silver or black for 13 guineas; a spectacle case in soft calfskin at £2 18s 6d; or a shooting stick with a round pigskin-covered seat at 7 guineas.

Miss Stephanie Howell, Press Officer at Fortnum and Mason (open on Christmas Eve till 6 pm), suggested that a magnum of champagne with a half-dozen champagne glasses would make an ideal gift for a bachelor. For a husband-bearing in mind that a dressing gown is apparently the one article of clothing that men never buy for themselves – she suggested one of their new kimono-type dressing-gowns in pure wool at 18 guineas.

For the man who has nearly everything: Fully-fitted leather suitcase with built-in clock, writing case, manicure set and a host of other things. It retails at £ 95.

For a woman who likes to travel expensively: Piece of tapestry luggage (a suitcase costs around the 54 guineas' mark).

For a girl-friend: Pure silk scarf and matching handbag set in gorgeous colours like turquoise, emerald or scarlet – from £8-£12 the set.

For guests spending Christmas with family or friends: Half a Stilton cheese in a teak tub, sealed with copper – 3 guineas; or some of Fortnum's famous chocolates in silk-lined or velvet cases (marvellous jewellery boxes once the chocolates have been eaten).

Mr. Newmark, manager of James Galt, 30 Great Marlborough Street, W1 (open Christmas Eve till 3 pm), picked the following list of toys for different age groups to give lasting pleasure:

Ages one to 18 months: Tiny Trike in natural wood with large balloon wheels which a toddler pushes along with his feet – 39s 6d.

Two-year-old: Large plain wooden blocks which sell by the dozen. They come in three sizes, the smallest costing 9s 6d dozen.

Three-year-old: Sixty bricks of varying shapes in a canvas bag – 49s 6d.

Four-year-old: Either a first

construction set at 35s, or an all-wooden rocking horse for two children – £5 15s.

Five-year-old: Wall chart – either the pictorial map of the world showing different races, animals, fishes, ships, etc, or for the child who likes fantasy the Wanderland wall chart with fairy tale and nursery rhyme characters, – 17s 6d.

Six-year-old: Stilts at 37s or a painting easel at 72s 6d. Or Galt's new Post Office set at 25s.

Seven-year-old: Gym set consisting of a horizontal bar, pair of leather-covered rings and swing seat for use indoors or in the garden – 59s 6d.

Mr John Poppleton, sales promotion executive at Marks and Spencer (West End branches open in the afternoon as long as there are sufficient customers), picked for himself one of the new range of St Michael Young Look shirts in either cotton or nylon in a new range of colours which include lavender, pink and lemon, at 29s 11d in nylon, 29s 11d or 32s in cotton; and for a girl, crocheted stockings in all colours at 6s 11d or 8s 11d; a chenille beret at 16s 11d; or a new bra slip at 29s 11d.

David Lyons, Press Officer at Whiteleys, Queensway (open on Christmas Eve till 6 pm), chose for himself a pair of Italian key-hole driving gloves at £3 19s 6d, or a matching silk dressing-gown and pyjama set at 14 guineas for the dressing-gown, 6 guineas for the pyjamas. Or a Jeroboam of champagne in a wooden crate at 9 guineas. For a wife or girl-friend he would suggest a tea-maker by Goblin, £7 9s 10d; a massive bottle of Guerlain Mitsouko perfume, £13 3s; or a French silk scarf, 89s 11d.

Evelyn Whiteside, women's merchandise manager and fashion co-ordinator at Simpson, Piccadilly (open on Christmas Eve till 4 pm), would like to be given one of the following gifts: John Smith shoes in mock-crocodile at 5½ guineas and matching handbag at 7½ guineas; party dress in ice-blue crêpe – slightly caftan style – with yoke embroidered in sequins and beads – 21 guineas; 2oz. bottle of Gres "Cabochard" perfume – £9 12s; or a Dak's Shetland skirt (8 guineas) with a matching Shetland sweater (4 guineas).

For a special man-friend she would choose a new lighter made by Gulton which you recharge by plugging into an electric socket (7 guineas); a "Corky" cork extractor by Bellsax – £1 9s 6d; or a gift-voucher to cover the cost of three of the fabulous new Yves St Laurent ties at £3 15s each.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SERVICES

St Paul's Cathedral. Christmas Eve, 4 pm: Evensong and Blessing of the Crib by the Bishop of London. Christmas Day, 7.15, 8 and 8.30 am: Holy Communion – said. 10.30 am: Matins and sermon by the Dean. 11.30 am: Holy Communion – sung. 3.15 pm: Festal Evensong – no sermon.

Westminster Abbey. Christmas Eve, 3 pm: Choral Evensong. 11.30 pm: Holy Communion, with hymns. Christmas Day, 8 am: Holy Communion – plain. 10.30 am: Matins and sermon. 11.30 am: Procession and choral celebration of Holy Communion. 3 pm: Festal Evensong – no sermon.

Chapel Royal – Tower of London. Christmas Day, 8.15 am: Holy Communion. 11.15 am: Christmas morning parade of the Yeoman Warders.

Southwark Cathedral. Christmas Eve: Midnight Mass. Christmas Day, 11 am: Sung Communion.

St Martin-in-the-Fields, WC2. Christmas Eve, 6.30 pm: Carols in church. 11.30 pm: Midnight Communion (ticket only). Christmas Day, 7 and 8 am: Holy Communion. 9.45 am: Family Communion. 11.15 am: Morning Service. 12.30 pm: Holy Communion. 6.30 pm: Carol Service.

ROMAN CATHOLIC SERVICES

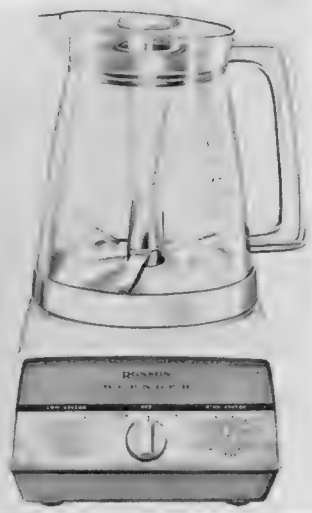
Westminster Cathedral, SW1. Christmas Eve, 11 pm: Bible Vigil. Midnight Mass. Christmas Day, 10.30 am: Solemn High Mass.

St George's Cathedral, Southwark. Christmas Eve: Midnight Mass. Christmas Day: Mass at 7, 8, 9.30, 10.30 am. High Mass at noon and 5.30 pm.

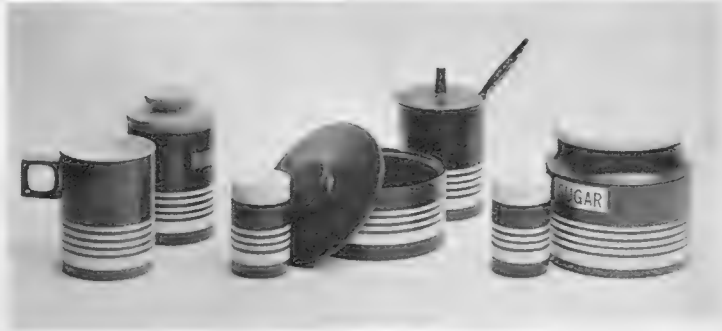
The Oratory, Brompton Road, SW7. Christmas Eve: Midnight Mass. Christmas Day: Mass at 6.30, 7, 7.30, 8, 8.30, 9, 10, 11 am and 12.15 pm.

NEW THINGS

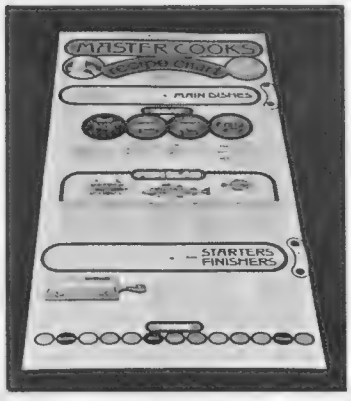
by SHEILA FITZJONES



Above: Gilt-tooled celadon board, 12in by 10in with magnetised photograph frames. From Halcyon Days. Price: £4 7s 6d.
Left: Ronson Kitchen Blender with extra large 48oz. carafe jar. 19 guineas from Selfridges and other leading department stores.



Above: Budget-priced "Roundalay" kitchen pottery in brown with yellow stripes from larger branches of Boots. Photographed: Coffee Mug – 5s 6d; Spice Jar with airtight wooden lid – 8s 9d; large Butter Dish with pottery lid – 8s 11d; Sugar or Preserves Jar with pottery lid – 6s 6d; Salt and Pepper Pots – 5s 11d pair, and an airtight Storage Jar with wooden lid – 12s 11d.



Above: Dial-a-Recipe: Master Cook's Recipe Chart. 15s, Harrods.

Above right: New from Judge – Super Non-stick Frypans of heavy gauge steel with teak handles for cool grip. Two sizes: 8in retails at 37s 11d and 10in at 42s.

Right: Gulton Cigarette Lighter – electric style. There is no flame – just a flameless glow. Powered by a nickel-cadmium cell – you simply plug into a mains electric socket for recharging. 'Her' version – photographed – retails at £5 19s 6d. His costs 7 guineas. From branches of Bewlays.

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A word of encouragement and a token of help—needed, now, by British Ex-Service men who have sacrificed a full life. Many of them are completely unable to help themselves. Money is urgently needed to help these men conquer their handicap—money to equip and maintain homes in which they can be given convalescence, or care and comfort in their old age. BLESMA is not aided by the State. Will you help?

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Is your goodwill good enough . . . or should Santa Claus forget you?

This week a Yuletide quiz by ROGER BAKER–designed to test the essential quality of your Christmas spirit.

1.
Where would you most like to be spending Christmas this year:

(a) at home with family and friends dropping by

(b) on a luxury liner, cruising round the Canary Islands

(c) alone – apart from an attractive member of the opposite sex

2.
What is your Christmas Day most likely to be built around – though not necessarily through your own choice:

(a) the evening's television programmes

(b) an epic luncheon starting with caviare and ending, four courses and two hours later with a pudding in flames

(c) a brisk walk through miles of sparkling countryside

3.
The mince pies are clearly burning, the tree lights have fused yet again, grandfather and six-year-old Jeremy are arguing over which television channel to watch, Doreen (aged 12) is playing her new sitar record on her new gramophone. The vicar brings the church choir to the front door and they burst into *God rest ye merry, gentlemen.* You will, at this point:

(a) shut yourself firmly in the bathroom with a box of peppermint creams and the new Edna O'Brien

(b) round everyone up to listen, hoping to restore tranquillity on the household

(c) burst into tears

4.
You have firmly decided to send out no cards at all this year. Oddly, you receive more than usual. You will:

(a) capitulate on Christmas Eve; rush out, buy, write and post hundreds

(b) stick to your guns

(c) feel increasingly guilty and write letters to everyone later

5.
Boxing Day means to you:

(a) some strange treatments of cold turkey

(b) an opportunity to sleep, sleep, sleep

(c) a chance to dash round seeing lots of people

6.
You have failed miserably to obtain seats for this year's Palladium pantomime. What will you do with Jeremy (6), Susie (10), and Doreen (12):

(a) break it to them gently, offering lots of love and affection

(b) hover around outside hoping for a clutch of returns

(c) rush them all to see *Peter Pan* hoping to convince Jeremy (6) that Julia Lockwood is Cliff Richard

7.
At the Boxing Day meet, you are likely to be found:

(a) quaffing stirrup cups of mulled wine by the Snug Bar's fire

(b) riding, in full fig, a splendid chesnut hunter over hedges and ditches

(c) following by motor car

8.
Have you ever done any of the following things. Tick them off:

(a) dreamed of a white Christmas

(b) seen *The African Queen* more than twice on BBC TV during the last five years

(c) used mistletoe as an excuse to be objectionable

(d) seen mummy kissing Santa Claus

(e) dominated the children's new train set

(f) served bread sauce with turkey

(g) driven a circuit at Brands Hatch dressed as Father Christmas

(h) been carol singing

(i) hung a stocking on the bedpost after reaching the age of 30

(j) slept through the Queen's speech

9.
Which of the following groups of people would you rather be seen spending Christmas evening with:

(a) Lilian Klot, Nadine Judd, Alice Marks

(b) Daniel Patrick O'Carroll, Benjamin Schwartz, Archibald Leach

(c) Charley's aunt, Bobby's gi Maria Cecilia Sofia Kalegoropoulos

10.
Are your domestic Christmas decorations likely to be:

(a) a tree, paper garlands, bunches of holly and mistletoe hung about

(b) a wreath on the front door and some bowls of roses

(c) gold and silver mobiles, a paper sculpture representation of the Nativity

HOW TO SCORE

1. (a) 10 (b) 5 (c) 7
2. (a) 0 (b) 10 (c) 6
3. (a) 7 (b) 10 (c) 0
4. (a) 10 (b) 0 (c) 4
5. (a) 4 (b) 0 (c) 10
6. (a) 2 (b) 5 (c) 10
7. (a) 7 (b) 10 (c) 2
8. add 2 marks each for a,d,g,h,i
Deduct 2 marks each for b,c,e,f,j
9. (a) 7 (b) 2 (c) 10
Add 10 marks for each nam correctly recognised:
(a) Georgia Brown, Nadia Nerina, Alicia Markova
(b) Danny La Rue, Tony Curtis, Cary Grant
(c) Princess Margaret, Ethel Kennedy, Maria Callas
10. (a) 7 (b) 10 (c) 7

HOW YOU RATE

Maximum score: 190 minimum score: 8

High score: the full-blooded Christmas-lover, doing and enjoying everything – perhaps setting too high a standard for the rest of us, but certainly getting the most out of it.
I'd like to visit you.

Medium score: straight-forward Christmas-lover, prepared to mix goodwill to all men with goodwill to yourself.
I'd quite like to have you around at my place.

Low score: you use Christmas as an excuse for excessive self-indulgence.
Perhaps you'd better spend it alone.

THE BRIDES

Miss Deborah Blackman (above), daughter of Brig M J D'A Blackman, OBE, MC, and Mrs I Miskin of Iverna Gardens, W8, married Mr Jason Wilson, son of Mr and Mrs F Avray Wilson of Jaynes Court, Bisley, Glos, at St Columba's Church, Pont Street. *Photo, Portman Press Bureau*

Miss Deirdre Mackay (above), daughter of Mr and Mrs E Mackay of Modhachaidh, Lochda, Isle of Mull, married Mr Geert Fernhout, son of Mr and Mrs J Fernhout, of the Netherlands, at St Columba's Church, Pont Street. *Photo: Portman Press Bureau*

Miss Sally Cairnes (below), daughter of the late Lt-Col J E Cairnes, RTR, and Mrs Cairnes of Cope Place, W8, married Mr Anthony Berry, son of Mr and Mrs E J Berry of Maidenhead, at St James's, Piccadilly. *Photo: Belgrave Press Bureau*

Miss Mavora Geoghegan (above), daughter of the late Mr E Geoghegan of Lee-on-Solent, Hants, married Mr Alan Forward, son of the late Mr G A Forward and Mrs R M Forward of King's Road, Henley-on-Thames, at St Michael's, Chester Square. *Photo: Portman Press Bureau*

Miss Penelope Nickson (below), daughter of Mr and Mrs Derek Nickson of Lingfield, Surrey, married Mr David Holmes, son of Mr and Mrs J Holmes of Southam, Cheltenham, at St Mary Abbotts, Kensington. *Photo: Portman Press Bureau*

Miss Jane O McKenzie (below), daughter of Mr and Mrs Malcolm McKenzie of Hans Place, SW1, married Mr Charles de Selincourt, son of the late Mr Martin de Selincourt, and Mrs John Hunter-Gray of Wilton Mews, SW1, at St Michael's, Chester Square. *Photo: Portman Press Bureau*

INNER SPACE IS THE THEME FOR BOYS' AND GIRLS' SHOW

The *Daily Mail* Schoolboys' and Girls' Exhibition which opens at Olympia on Tuesday 27 December, is half as big again as it has ever been before, and will cover three floors of the Empire Hall. Last year the predominant feature was Outer Space. This year they are calling the theme Inner Space – the sea bed.

The main attraction here will be the underwater house. From the upper level of the two-level house the portholes will look out on to coral reefs, brightly coloured fish, divers working on an oil rig, and a fish farm with harvesters extracting the sea's minerals.

Another look into the future will come from the Electricity Council who present an all-electric town with silent traffic and shopping by television.

In the arena there will be demonstrations of judo, tennis, table tennis, fencing, athletics, and gymnastics, with fashion shows each day, dog-handling demonstrations, archery sessions and cricket coaching.

Another theme is Nature. Exhibitors include the Council for Nature and Nature Conservancy, the Wild Fowl Trust, the Conservators of Epping Forest, the World Wild Life Fund, and Worldwide Butterflies Ltd. The Norfolk Wildlife Park is showing a coypu, badger, red and grey squirrels, foxes, eagle owl Bubu and her mate, little owls, a hare named Henrietta and a pair of blue-eyed pheasants from North China.

As usual, the host of celebrities will be a great attraction for autograph hunters and one of the most popular exhibits in the whole exhibition is likely to be the 7-foot Rolls-Royce made especially for Lady Penelope and featured in the new film *Thunderbirds Are Go!*

The exhibition opens from 12 noon to 6.30 pm on 27 December and from 9.30 am to 6.30 pm from 28 December to 10 January. Admission is 3s for children and adults and 3s 6d for advance or party bookings.

THEATRE

Considering the long (and frequently) honourable history of female impersonation in the theatre it may seem curious that there are so few outlets for artists who specialise in this type of performance. But Freud did his work well, and the sub-conscious has become self-conscious. To see female impersonators one must go to pubs and clubs, and make an effort. And, in London at least, the effort being made, the object is revealed as frequently far from expert.

Danny La Rue made a breakthrough, possibly the first female impersonator to star in a full-length vehicle since Julian Elti'nge. Danny La Rue has his own club, and now another has been opened by an American female impersonator, Ricky Renée. Originally a dancer, he joined the celebrated Jewel Box Revue in Miami, later went solo, appeared in London and a few years ago did a British provincial tour on music-hall bills —another outlet sadly diminished.

The first night at Ricky Renée's club was more than usually fraught with nerves, but certain things emerged clearly. He is a powerful per-

American choreographer Jerome Robbins is to direct Euripides' "The Bacchae" at the National Theatre in 1968.

former and has that quality of being able to generate great excitement totally out of proportion to anything there may be around to get excited about.

He went through a great many changes of costume; did a song about Millicent Martin being in every TV programme (Millie was there and clapped bravely); did a majestic, superb impression of Mae West; joined in some sketches and finally did a hair-raising strip routine that scared everyone to death wondering when (and where) he would stop. Renée makes up as a convincing, extremely glamorous girl and bends the bounds of taste to breaking-point, redeeming himself by an endearing charm and considerable wit.

He is supported by some rather plain girls and the marvellous Maria Charles who, at a cunningly timed moment, sang a song called *What is a nice girl like me doing in a joint like this ?*

A rival for Danny la Rue? I think not; they are rather complimentary. In his show Renée possibly tried to do too much – when it is suitably pared and the material brightened up, it should be a winning diversion.

roger baker

WEST END

All Theatres closed Christmas Day

openings

Thurs 22 Dec: **THE THIRTEEN CLOCKS,** New Arts, Great Newport Street, WC2 (TEM 3334). Author: James Thurber. Dir: Caryl Jenner. Unicorn Theatre Company. Fantasy play for older children and adults. 7.30. Closed Christmas Eve

Fri 23 Dec: **BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS,** Grand Hall, Olympia, W14 (FUL 3333). Last season at Olympia with Coco the Clown, the Schumann family and their horses, Ruppert's Bears and other acts. Fun Fair opens 12 noon. Circus 8.0. Christmas Eve: 1.45, 4.45. From Boxing Day: 1.45, 4.45, 7.45

Sat 24 Dec: **TOAD OF TOAD HALL,** Comedy, Panton Street, SWI (WHI 2578). Author: A A Milne from Kenneth Grahame. Dir: David Conville. Music: H Frazer-Simson. Martin Friend as Toad, with Richard Goolden, John Woodvine, Bernard Hopkins. 2.0. Boxing Day and T 27 Dec: 11.0 am. W 28 Dec: 11.30, 2.30

Mon 26 Dec: **SLEEPING BEAUTY ON ICE,** Wembley, Empire Pool, Middx (WEM 1234). Dir: Gerald Palmer. Nancy Lee Parker as Princess Beauty, Nickie Powers as the Prince with Marie Langenbein, George Miller. Boxing Day and T 27 Dec: 2.0, 5.0, 8.0. From W 28 Dec: 3.0, 7.45

Mon 26 Dec: **ALADDIN,** Jeanetta Cochrane, Southampton Row, WC1 (CHA 7040). Clifford Heap's Marionette Theatre. 2.30

Mon 26 Dec: **PINOCCHIO,** Criterion, Piccadilly (WHI 3216). Author: Angela Cadati. Director: Neville Irons. Cast: Nigel Grice, Bernard Lawrence, Roy Hepworth, Mark Rose, Caroline Ellis. 2.30

Mon 26 Dec: **SOOTY'S CHRISTMAS SHOW,** May Fair, May Fair Hotel, Stratton Street, W1 (MAY 3036). With Harry Corbett, Sweep etc. 2.30, 4.30. Sat: 2.30, 4.30, 6.30

Tues 27 Dec: **WHO'S PINKUS, WHERE'S CHELM?** Jeanetta Cochrane, Southampton Row, WC1 (CHA 7040). Author: C. P. Taylor. Music: Monty Norman. Dir: Charles Marowitz. Bernard Bresslaw as the successful salesman in a town of idiots. 7.45

current

ALIBI FOR A JUDGE, Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Andrew Cruickshank is the high court judge involved with the pretty wife of a man he's just sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.50). Closed Christmas Eve. Boxing Day and T 27 Dec Mats: 2.30

THE BED-SITTING ROOM, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars (CIT 7656). The original Spike Milligan show; written, directed and starring Spike. 8.40. Opened 10 Oct

BIG BAD MOUSE, Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (TEM 6596). Eric Sykes and Jimmy Edwards in a play full of vast laughs. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.15). F and Sat: 6.15 (ends 8.15) and 8.45 (ends 10.45). Boxing Day: 6.15, 8.45. Opened 17 Oct

BLACK AND WHITE MINSTREL SHOW, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street, W1 (VIC 1317). It should make a fair television show, this. 6.15 (ends 8.30); 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 15 May 1962

BOEING-BOEING, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Peter Byrne (TV's Andy Crawford) juggles old school friend, three air hostesses and eccentric maid in and out of various doors. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W: 2.45 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Boxing Day and T 27 Dec Mats: 5.15. Opened 20 Feb 1962. Ends 7 Jan

CHARLIE GIRL, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Anna Neagle singing and dancing; Joe Brown and Hy Hazell ditto in a summertime Cinderella fable. 7.30 (ends 10.10). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Boxing Day and T 27 Dec Mats: 2.30. Opened 15 Dec 1965

CINDERELLA, London Palladium, Argyle Street, W1 (GER 7373). Book: David Croft. Music and Lyrics: The Shadows. Dir: Albert J Knight. Cast: Cliff Richard and the Shadows, Terry Scott, Hugh Lloyd, Pippa Steel, Jack Douglas. 7.30. Closed Christmas Eve. From Boxing Day: 2.45, 7.30

COME SPY WITH ME, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, W1 (WHI 6692). Danny La Rue changes his drag a dozen times but Barbara Windsor does get a look in during the high camp routines. 8.0 (ends 10.30). Closed Christmas Eve. Boxing Day: 5.30, 8.30. Opened 31 May

THE FIGHTING COCK, Duke of York's, St. Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122). John Clements and Sarah Badel in elegant Anouilh from the Chichester Festival. 8.0 (ends 10.30). Sat Mat: 4.45 (ends 7.15). Boxing Day Mat: 4.45. Opened 25 Oct

GIVE A DOG A BONE. Westminster, Palace Street, SW1 (VIC 0283). Author: Peter Howard, Music: George Fraser. Dir: Henry Cass. Cast: Richard Warner, Bryan Coleman, Sandra Michaels, Ivor Danvers, Ronnie Stevens. T-F: 7.30. W and Th Mats: 2.30. Closed Christmas Eve. Boxing Day: 2.30, 7.30. Opened 8 Dec

HELLO DOLLY! Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8108). The transatlantic bombshell has become a touch cosy with Dora Bryan wow-wow-wowing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). W and Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Boxing Day Mat: 2.30. Opened 2 Dec 1965

AN IDEAL HUSBAND, Garrick, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 4601). Author: Oscar Wilde. Dir: James Roose Evans. Cast: Margaret Lockwood, Richard Todd. Joyce Carey, Raymond Huntley, Michael Goodliffe, Perlita Neilson, Rachel Gurney. Third and limited (six-week) season in the West End. 7.45. W Mat: 3.0. Closed Christmas Eve. Boxing Day: 5.0, 8.30

THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS, Cambridge, Earlham Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 6056). Authors: Bob Fisher, Arthur Marx. Dir: Peter Cotes. Cast: David Tomlinson, Joyce Cummings, Sandra Fair. 8.0 (ends 10.0). Th Mat: 2.45 (ends 4.45). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 10.30). Boxing Day and T 27 Dec: 6.0, 8.30. Opened 24 Nov

IN THE MATTER OF J ROBERT OPPENHEIMER, Fortune, Russell Street, WC2 (TEM 2238). Robert Harris as an atom scientist persecuted over Communist associations. 8.0. W and Sat Mats: 2.45. Opened 28 Nov

JORROCKS, New, St. Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). Joss Ackland makes an endearing hero in a colourful and appealing musical. 8.0 (ends 10.45). T and Sat Mats: 4.15 (ends 7.0). Boxing Day Mat: 4.15. Opened 22 Sept

JUSTICE IS A WOMAN, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Constance Cummings returns to the West End as a lady barrister defending a case in Scotland. 8.0 (ends 10.30). W Mat: 2.45 (ends 5.21). Sat Mat: 5.0 (ends 7.36). Boxing Day and T 27 Dec Mats: 5.0. Opened 16 Nov

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN, Phoenix, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 8611). Coral Browne sweeps devastatingly through a slice of Beaton-designed Wilde. 8.0 (ends 10.30). W Mat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Boxing Day: 5.30, 8.30. Opened 13 Oct

THE LAND OF GREEN GINGER, New Arts, Great Newport Street, WC2 (TEM 3334). Author: Noel Langley. Dir: Caryl Jenner. Unicorn Theatre Company. For children 5 to 12 years. 2.30. Closed Christmas Eve

LET'S GET A DIVORCE, Comedy, Panton Street, SW1 (WHI 25[illegible]8). Fenella Fielding, Hugh Paddick and Barry Foster in an admired English version of a Sar[illegible]ou comedy. 8.30 (ends 10.40). W [illegible]nd Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Boxing [illegible]ay and T 27 Dec Mats: 2.30. Opened 26 July.

THE LION AND THE JEW[illegible]L, Royal Court, Sloane Square, S[illegible]W1 (SLO 1745). Author: Wole Soyin[illegible]ka. Dir: Desmond O'Donovan. C[illegible]st: Hannah Bright-Taylor, Femi E[illegible]ba, Jomoke Debayo. Conflict betw[illegible]en old and new values in a Nige[illegible]an village. 7.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.0. Bo[illegible]ng Day: 5.0, 8.0. Opened 12 Dec

LOOT, Criterion. Piccadilly (W[illegible]HI 3216). Charles Marowitz dir[illegible]cts Joe Orton's controversial p[illegible]ay. 8.15. Th and Sat: 6.0, 8.45. Bo[illegible]ng Day: 6.0, 8.45

MAN OF MAGIC, Piccadilly, [illegible]pp Regent Palace Hotel, W1 ([illegible]ER 4506). Entertaining Hou[illegible]ini musical which suffers from lac[illegible] of dramatic tension. 7.45 (ends 10[illegible]0). W Mat: 3.0 (ends 5.35). Sat: [illegible].30 (ends 8.5); 8.30 (ends 11.5). Bo[illegible]ng Day and T 27 Dec Mats: 3.0

THE MOUSETRAP, Ambassa[illegible]rs, West End, WC3 (TEM 1171). A[illegible]ter 14 years still a mystery. 8.0 (e[illegible]nds 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.20). Sat [illegible]5.0 (ends 7.30). Boxing Day Mat: [illegible].0

THE ODD COUPLE, Que[illegible]'s, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 ([illegible]EG 1166). Neil Simon's hilarious st[illegible]udy of two husbands sharing a [illegible]lat. 8.0 (ends 10.5). Th Mat: 2.30 (e[illegible]nds 4.35). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.5); 8.30 (e[illegible]nds 10.35). Boxing Day: 6.0, [illegible].30. Opened 12 Oct

ON APPROVAL, St. Mart[illegible]n's, West Street, Cambridge Cir[illegible]us, WC2 (TEM 1443). Author: Frederick Lonsdale. Dir: Murray MacDonald. Cast: Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray, Robert Flem[illegible]ng, Polly Adams. A comedy of trial-marriage. 8.0. T Mat: 3.0. Closed Christmas Eve. Boxing Day: [illegible]5.30, 8.30

PETER PAN, Scala, Charlotte Street, W1 (MUS 5731). Author: J M Barrie. Dir: James Verner. Cast: Julia Lockwood, Mia Martin, Ron Moody. 2.0, 6.30

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE, Wyndham's, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 3028). Anna Massey in the title-role. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 5.45 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Boxing Day and T 27 Dec Mats 3.0. Opened 5 May

THE RIVALS, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SWI (WHI 9832). Ralph Richardson and Margaret Rutherford in some stylish Sheridan. 7.45 (ends 10.15). W Mat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.15 (ends 10.45). Opened 6 Oct

ROBERT AND ELIZABETH, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Musical version of The Barretts of Wimpole Street. As comfortable as hot chocolate at bedtime. 7.30 (ends 10.25). Th and Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Boxing Day Mat: 2.30. Opened 20 Oct 1964

SAY WHO YOU ARE, Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Ian Carmichael and Patrick Cargill have women trouble, not aided by the insufficiencies of the telephone. 8.15 (ends 10.25). Boxing Day: 6.0, 8.45. Opened 14 Oct 1965

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, Palace, Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). The hills are alive with it, and not only that, they've been alive since 10 May 1961. 7.30 (ends 10.25). Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Boxing Day—Th 29 Dec Mats: 2.30. Ends 14 Jan

SPRING AND PORT WINE, Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 2663). Bill Naughton's study of a family rebelling against the heavy father, who is Alfred Marks. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th and Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 10.55). Boxing Day: 6.0, 8.45. Opened 19 Nov 1965

THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP, Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Barbara Ferris is a sweet little Chelsea bird who meets Donald Sinden, an up-stage cookery writer, Jon Pertwee is the friend. Very funny and sharp. 8.15 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Boxing Day: 6.0, 8.45. Opened 15 June

TREASURE ISLAND, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Author: Robert Louis Stevenson. Cast: Bernard Miles, Len Jones, Graham T Mallard, Juan Moreno and Jack Spratt as Captain Flint. 2.30, 5.15

THE THWARTING OF BARON BOLLIGREW, Aldwych, Strand, WC2 (TEM 6404). Author: Robert Bolt. Dir: Trevor Nunn. Roy Kinnear as the infamous Baron. 2.30. Closed Christmas Eve

WAIT UNTIL DARK, Strand Theatre, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Honor Blackman returns to the stage as the blind wife of a photographer unwittingly involved in dope-peddling. 7.45 (ends 10.5). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.20). Closed Christmas Eve. Boxing Day: 5.30, 8.30. Opened 27 July

WAY OUT IN PICCADILLY, Prince of Wales, Coventry Street, W1 (WHI 8681). Authors: Ray Galton, Alan Simpson, Eric Sykes. Stars: Frankie Howerd, Cilla Black. 8.0 W, Th, Sat: 6.10, 8.45. Opened 3 Nov

OUT OF TOWN

LEATHERHEAD THEATRE CLUB, High Street, Leatherhead, Surrey (537-2852). From M 26 Dec: QUEEN OF HEARTS by John Crocker, Eric Gilder. Traditional family pantomime. 2.30, 7.30

NOTTINGHAM PLAYHOUSE, Wellington Circus, Nottingham (0602-45671). Th 22-T 27 Dec: JACK AND THE BEANSTALK with audience participation. 2.30, 7.30. Th: 7.30 only (not Christmas Eve)

OXFORD PLAYHOUSE, Beaumont Street, Oxford (0092-47133). M 26-W 28 Dec: SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. 7.45. T Mat: 2.30

YVONNE ARNAUD THEATRE, Millbrook, Guildford, Surrey (0483-60191). From Th 23 Dec: THE SLEEPING BEAUTY with Sally Smith, John Fraser. 7.15. Mats: M and T 2.30

PERIMETER

ASHCROFT, Fairfield Hall, Croydon (CRO 9192). From M 26 Dec: JACK AND THE BEANSTALK with Jim Dale. 2.30, 7.30

GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME, NW11 (SPE 0022). From F 23 Dec: ROBINSON CRUSOE with Sidney James, Alan Haynes, Kenneth Connor. F and S: 7.0. From Boxing Day: 2.30, 7.30

INTIMATE, Palmers Green, N13 (PAL 3798). From M 26 Dec: DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT. Boxing Day: 2.0, 5.0 8.0. T and W: 2.0, 5.0

NEW, High Street, Bromley, Kent (RAV 6677). From Sat 24 Dec: ROBINSON CRUSOE. Christmas Eve: 2.30. M-W: 2.30, 7.15

PALACE, Clarendon Road, Watford, Herts (92-25671). From M 26 Dec: CINDERELLA. Boxing Day: 2.0, 5.0, 8.0, T and W: 2.0, 5.30

RICHMOND, The Green, Richmond, Surrey (RIC 0088). From Sat 24 Dec: PUSS IN BOOTS. Christmas Eve: 3.0. Boxing Day: 1.45, 5.0, 8.15. T and W: 2.30, 7.30

THEATRE ROYAL, Windsor, Berks (95-61107). From F 23 Dec: CINDERELLA. 2.30, 7.30. Th 23 Dec: 7.30 only.

WIMBLEDON, SW19 (WIM 5211). From Sat 24 Dec: BABES IN THE WOOD with Arthur Askey, Roy Castle, Lulu. Christmas Eve: 7.0. M-W: 2.30, 7.0

REPERTORY

NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY, Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (WAT 7616). Th 22 Dec: A FLEA IN HER EAR by Feydeau. A prototype in-and-out-of-doors farce. 2.15 (ends 4.45). 7.30 (ends 10.0)
F 23, Sat 24, W 28 Dec: THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN. Peter Shaffer's epic treatment of the Spanish conquest of Peru. 7.30 (ends 10.30)
Sat 24, T 27 Dec: OTHELLO. Olivier's greatest impersonation. Sat: 2.15 (ends 5.20). T: 7.30 (ends 10.40)

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY, Aldwych, Strand, WC2 (TEM 6404). Th 22-W 28 Dec: THE THWARTING OF BARON BOLLIGREW by Robert Bolt. Roy Kinnear as the arch-villain. 2.30 (closed Christmas Eve and Day)
Th 22, M 26 Dec: BELCHER'S LUCK by David Mercer. Study of aristocratic decay with the family retainer losing all. 7.30 (ends 9.50)
F 23 Dec: STAIRCASE by Charles Dyer. Paul Scofield and Patrick Magee play homosexuals in a barber's shop. 7.30 (ends 9.40)

CLUBS

HAMPSTEAD, 98 Avenue Road, NW3 (PRI 9301). THE BALLAD OF THE FALSE BARMAN by Colin Spencer. 8.0. (not Christmas Eve)
CIRCUS ADVENTURE by Unicorn Theatre Company. 2.30. (not Christmas Eve). Boxing Day: 2.30, 5.0

LITTLE ANGEL MARIONETTE THEATRE, 14 Dagmar Passage, Cross Street, N1 (CAN 1787). HANS THE BELLRINGER. 3.0 (not Christmas Eve)

LITTLE, Garrick Yard, St. Martin's Lane, WC2 (COV 0660). THE GAY PRINCESS, by Tom Chapburn. 8.0 (closed Christmas Eve – 27 Dec)

PLAYERS, Villiers Street, Strand, WC2 (TRA 1134). WHITTINGTON JUNIOR AND HIS SENSATIONAL CAT. 9.0 (not Christmas Eve). M 26, T 27 Dec: 2.45, 8.0

BOOKS

It has been a year of few literary upheavals – Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* in the spring, Jacqueline Susann's *Valley of the Dolls* in the autumn – but nothing which will afterwards be remembered as a landmark, except, perhaps, the four titles by Jean Genet published by Anthony Blond.

There have been topical preoccupations, like the anniversary of the Battle of Hastings and the Moors murders; and long-term preoccupations, such as the many ramifications of Jewish and Negro problems. More books are published each year on these subjects than on Vietnam or on space research. We seem to be fairly conservative in our liberal obsessions.

A list of the year's best-sellers shows that the book-buying public, too, is extremely conservative, even reluctant, to actually buy a book not written by an author who was a household name before the war. Dennis Wheatley, Graham Greene, Georgette Heyer and Nancy Mitford have been consistent best-sellers; Nicholas Monsarrat's autobiography outsells Mary Quant's.

The first volume of Randolph Churchill's biography of his father sold 111,000 copies. The success of Lord Moran's biography of Churchill and Harold Macmillan's *The Winds of Change* are further evidence of our dedicated conservatism. Even when it is a matter of iconoclasm, we like it to be someone who was a hero before or during the war; Secker and Warburg have sold more copies of Beverley Nichols' attack on Somerset Maugham than of any other book this year.

Spy stories are not often best-sellers, though some unusual and imaginative ones were produced. But Len Deighton tops the list of relative newcomers to this genre with his *Billion Dollar Brain*, which was Cape's best-seller of the year but one – their best was *The Life of Ian Fleming* by John Pearson, their last, very readable sop to Bond addicts.

Almost the only thing which will succeed in bringing a new name to the attention of the book-buying public is, it seems, a strong suggestion that the book is racy and "unsuitable for the young." Leslie Thomas's *The Virgin Soldiers*, Jacqueline Susann's *Valley of the Dolls*, Stephen Vizinczey's *In Praise of Older Women* were all sensual best-sellers with few literary pretensions.

carole d'albiac

DECEMBER BOOKS

WINTER'S TALES edited by A D Maclean. Annual collection of 12 short stories published by Macmillan. Contributions include a scintillating short story by Janice Elliott called *The Perfectionist*, and a beautifully told one, *Hassan's Tower*, by Margaret Drabble. Anthony Powell adds to Lady Chatterley's story with *A Reference for Mellors*, and there are contributions by Muriel Spark, Olivia Manning and Frank Tuohy. Published by Macmillan, 25s

POST-WAR YEARS, 1945-1954 by Ilya Ehrenburg. The sixth and final volume of Ehrenburg's Memoirs – he says he will not write about the final years. He covers especially the year after the war ended, the difficulties of settling down to peacetime, his travels to Germany, Switzerland, Hungary and especially to America. Meetings with Picasso and Einstein. His return to Russia in the black days of militant Stalinism. Published by Macgibbon and Kee, 63s

LATE START: CAREERS FOR WIVES by Penelope Labovitch and Rosemary Simon. Written, not for professionally-trained and qualified women, but for those married before training, who find that the battle is no longer against time but, with perhaps two-thirds of their life still ahead of them, against boredom. It covers careers in beauty therapy, demonstrating, local government, market research, self-employment, teaching, nursing, office work. Published in paperback by New English Library, 7s 6d

TWENTY-FOUR TITLES FOR 1967

The Sailor from Gibraltar by Marguerite Duras (Calder)

Giles Goat-Boy by John Barth (Secker and Warburg)

Malcolm by Edward Albee (Jonathan Cape, and Secker and Warburg)

It's an Old Country by J B Priestley (Heinemann)

May We Borrow Your Husband? A collection of short stories by Graham Greene (Bodley Head)

The White Notebook by Andre Gide (Peter Owen)

On Iniquity by Pamela Hansford Johnson (Macmillan)

Britain's Role Tomorrow by Christopher Mayhew (Hutchinson)

A Tale of One January by Albert Maltz (Calder)

Gog by Andrew Sinclair (Weidenfeld and Nicolson)

Mr Clemens and Mark Twain by Justin Kaplan (Cape)

The Journals of Anais Nin, Vol 2 (Peter Owen)

No One Hears But Him by Taylor Caldwell (Collins)

A State of Change by Penelope Gilliat (Secker and Warburg)

The Buttercup Chain by Janice Elliott (Secker and Warburg)

A Romantic Hero by Olivia Manning (Heinemann)

Jerusalem the Golden by Margaret Drabble (Weidenfeld and Nicolson)

The Bitter Heritage: Vietnam and American Democracy, 1941-1966 by Arthur M Schlesinger Jr (Deutsch)

Over the Mountains by Pamela Frankau (Heinemann)

Don Quixote USA by Richard Powell (Hodder and Stoughton)

Doo-bie-doo by Ivan C Karp (Heinemann)

For Love Or Money by Tim Jeal (first novel, Macmillan)

Very Like a Whale by Ferdinand Mount (first novel, Weidenfeld and Nicolson)

FILMS

It doesn't dazzle you with technical cleverness; it has moments when charm tips over into nausea, and it slows towards the end, though one is never fully conscious that it runs for 132 minutes. Yet *Follow Me, Boys!* (U, Columbia Shaftesbury Avenue, from 22 December) is one of the nicest films of the year. With stars who are hardly big names, a director (Norman Tokar) whose last film was *The Ugly Dachshund*, and a spun-out piece of Americana on Scouting to work on, the set-up hardly looked promising. Yet the actors rise to the occasion, the direction is care itself, the small-town atmosphere is never lost, and the corn becomes sweet, warm and human.

Fred MacMurray, a tower of acting quality in this one, gives one of his best performances as Lem Siddons, the footloose musician who drops off in the tiny mid-West town of Hickory because he has an eye for the banker's daughter (Vera Miles), and stays not only to marry her, but to become the town's first Scoutmaster and, of course, one of its best-loved citizens.

Miss Miles, as the wife who cannot have children (they adopt a roughneck boy after his father dies, in one of the stickier sequences), washes away years of playing drab heroines; and just when the thing really does seem to be dragging, Tokar strikes back with two fine, throat-lumping scenes. In the first of these, Charlie Ruggles (MacMurray's employer) dies, and, in his Will, urges the Siddonses not to give milk to his (now their) cat, Arthur, as he doesn't like it. In the second, MacMurray, who had always wanted to be a lawyer, defends Lillian Gish on a charge of insanity, and triumphs despite the scheming of her sullen son.

● Completing an all-Disney bill is *The Wind in the Willows* (U), originally half (and not the better half, though still good) of a 1949 Disney feature called *Ichabod and Mr Toad*. Although not retaining much of the flavour of the original, it does evolve an identity all its own (the Mod weasels, 17 years after, have character as well as unintended up-to-dateness), and Toad's escape from prison is a brilliantly imaginative set-piece.

david quinlan

All cinemas closed Christmas Day.

OPENING

FOLLOW ME BOYS (U). Cheerfully sentimental story of a travelling saxophone player who settles down in a small town, becomes a Scoutmaster and redeems the local bad boys. Fred MacMurray is the do-gooding hero and Lillian Gish makes one of her rare but notable appearances. (Vera Miles. Dir: Norman Tokar. Col. 132 min.) With: *The Wind in the Willows* (U). **Columbia,** Shaftesbury Avenue. REG 5414. Opens Th 22 Dec

ONE MILLION YEARS BC (A). Hammer celebrate their hundredth film with a prehistoric epic. Special effects score heavily, with lively performances by brontosauruses and pterodactyls. Raquel Welch and John Richardson represent the human race. Directed by Don Chaffey. (Col. 100 min.) **Edgware Road ABC.** PAD 5901. **Fulham Road ABC.** FRO 2636. Opens F 23 Dec

THE SWINGER (X). A bright and bawdy satire, produced and directed by George Sidney. Ann-Margret is unlikely as an unsuccessful actress, who resorts to writing a sensational story of her life. Some inappropriate and gimmicky photography! (Tony Franciosa. 80 min.) **Plaza,** Piccadilly Circus. WHI 8944. Opens Th 22 Dec

WEST END

BATMAN (U). Four fiendish adversaries combine to combat the deadly duo; a must for Batman fans. Some interesting art direction by Jack Martin Smith and Serge Krizman. Great fun. (Adam West, Burt Ward. Col. 105 min.) With: *The Man Called Flintstone* (U). **Carlton,** Haymarket. WHI 3711. Pgm: 1.30, 3.20, 7.0. Sun: 3.20, 6.55. Ends 3 Jan

THE BIBLE . . . IN THE BEGINNING (U). John Huston's direction is uneven but the Noah sequence, in which he plays Noah, is quite delightful and amusing, though the animals really steal the show. (Michael Parks, Richard Harris, George C Scott. Col. Cinerama. 175 min.) **Coliseum Cinerama,** St Martin's Lane. TEM 3161. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 3.30, 7.30

THE BLUE MAX (A). George Peppard plays an unscrupulous German flier, prepared to do anything to gain the Blue Max, the most coveted medal in the Kaiser's air force. Air scenes splendid but dialogue grounded. (James Mason, Ursula Andress. Col. 155 min.) **Metropole,** Victoria. VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.0, 8.0

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (A). The long-awaited production of Boris Pasternak's novel. Omar Sharif smoulders as Yuri Zhivago and Julie Christie is unforgettable as Lara. Good entertainment. (Col. 193 min.) **Empire,** Leicester Square. GER 1234. 2.30, 7.30. Sun: 3.0, 7.30

THE EAVESDROPPER (X). Leopoldo Torre Nilsson's superb portrait of a nightmare world. A young Fascist, forced into hiding, imagines the inhabitants of his hotel are hatching a plot against the nation. (Stathis Giallelis, Janet Margolin. 99 min.) With: *The Pumpkin Eater* (X). **Continentale,** Tottenham Court Road. MUS 4193. Pgm: 1.25, 3.10, 7.0. Sun: 4.50, 6.45

THE FAMILY WAY (X). Hayley Mills and Hywel Bennett are north-country newly-weds, forced to honeymoon at his parents' home. Based on the ribald play by Bill Naughton. (John Mills, Liz Fraser. Col. 114 min.) **Warner,** Leicester Square. GER 3424. 1.25, 3.45, 6.15, 8.40. Sun: 3.20, 5.50, 8.25

LES FETES GALANTES (U). An amiable parody of war. Intermittently funny and shot in attractive pale colour. (Marie Dubois, Jean-Pierre Cassel. Col. 90 min.) With: *Sous les Toits de Paris* (U). **Oxford Street Cinephone.** MAY 4721. 12.9, 3.15, 6.21, 9.33. Sun: 6.8, 9.23

FINDERS KEEPERS (U). Cliff Richard and the Shadows race the American army to find a lost nuclear bomb. Rather desperately gay, but with one or two good songs. (Viviane Ventura, Robert Morley. Col. 95 min.) With: *Palaces of a Queen* (U). **Odeon,** Leicester Square. WHI 6111. Pgm: 1.20, 4.25, 7.40. Sun: 4.25, 7.40. And **New Victoria.** VIC 2544

I DEAL IN DANGER (A). A routine, unimaginative thriller. Robert Goulet is an American Nazi who has defected to the Germans, and is working for them as a propaganda agent. (Christine Carère. Col. 89 min.) With: *Back Door to Hell* (A). **Rialto,** Coventry Street. GER 3488. 12.15, 3.10, 6.10, 9.10. Sun: 3.5, 6.5, 9.10

IS PARIS BURNING? (A). René Clément's 2¾-hour reconstruction of the events leading up to the liberation of Paris by the Allies at the end of the Second World War. Confused and disjointed, it fails to live up to expectations. (Orson Welles, Gert Fröbe, Leslie Caron. 165 min.) **Odeon,** Haymarket. WHI 2738. 2.30, 7.30. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

KHARTOUM (U). Colossal battle scenes and an all-star cast have been added to strict historical accuracy. Charlton Heston plays General Gordon, and Laurence Olivier the Mahdi. (Ralph Richardson. Col. Cinerama. 130 min.) **Casino,** Old Compton Street. GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40. Sun: 3.28, 5.57, 8.27

MONSIEUR HULOT'S HOLIDAY (U). Jacques Tati's now classic comedy about the misadventures of a gauche French bachelor on holiday (90 min.) With: *A Home of Your Own* (U). **Prince Charles Theatre,** Leicester Place. GER 8181

MY FAIR LADY (U). Rex Harrison carries the film along in commanding style, with Audrey Hepburn as a spirited though rather inadequate Liza. Great vitality but played just a little too safe. (Stanley Holloway. Col. 185 min.) **Studio One,** Oxford Street. GER 3300. 1.0, 4.30, 8.0. Sun: 3.40, 7.0

MY SISTER, MY LOVE (X). A nobleman (Per Oscarsson) and his sister (Bibi Andersson) become drawn to each other. Vilgot Sjöman's direction shows a fine sense of the mysticism of the 16th century. (96 min.) With: *Two in Love* (U). **Curzon,** Curzon Street. GRO 3737. Pgm: 1.20, 3.40, 6.0, 8.30. Sun: 3.15, 5.40, 8.10

NIGHT GAMES (X). A man looks back on his childhood experiences and his relationship with his mother, a rich and dissolute woman, played by Ingrid Thulin. The film conveys, magnificently, a sense of decadence and corruption. (Monica Zetterlund. 90 min.) **Royalty Kingsway.** HOL 8004. 2.40, 6.0, 9.20. Sun: 6.0, 9.20

ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO (A). Well-meaning study of racial intermarriage, with Barbara Barrie, Bernie Hamilton and Richard Mulligan, which unfortunately degenerates into sentimentality. (90 min.) **Cameo-Poly,** Upper Regent Street. LAN 1744. 12.40, 3.2[illegible], 6.20, 9.10. Sun: 4.40, 7.35

THE RED DESERT (X). Antonioni's lengthy journey into the worlds of machinery and the human mind. Exciting use of colour. (Richard Harris, Monica Vitti. 116 min.) **Academy Two,** Oxford Street. GER 5129. 1.35, 3.[illegible], 6.15, 8.45. Sun: 3.55, 6.15, 8.45

RETURN OF THE SEVEN (A[illegible]). An attempt to recreate the success of *The Magnificent Seven*. Yul Brynner rounds up a group of men in order to rescue some captives from an armed band. (Robert Fuller. Col. 98 min.) **Leicester Square Theatre.** WHI 5252. 2[illegible], 4.25, 6.45, 9.5. Sun: 4.25, 6.45, 9.5

ROMEO AND JULIET (U). A straightforward record of Kenneth MacMillan's ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. Magnificent costumes and setting. (Col. 126 min.) **Astoria,** Charing Cross Road. GER 5385. 3.0, 8.[illegible], Sun: 4.30, 7.45. Ends 1 Jan

THE ROUND-UP (X). An austere and visually arresting Hungarian film, set after a popular uprising against the Hapsburgs in the 19th century, in a deserted prison camp in the middle of a Hungarian plain. (94 min.) **Academy One,** Oxford Street. GER 2981. 2.35, 4.[illegible], 6.55, 9.20. Sun: 4.45, 6.55, 9.20

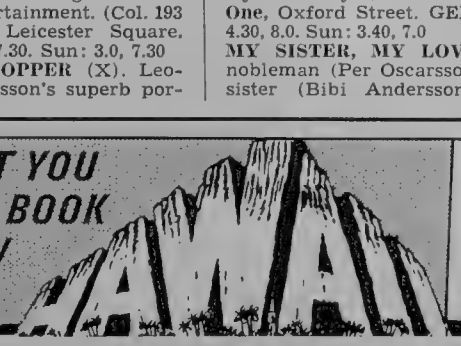
THE SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Hosts of children and singing nuns. Christopher Plummer is somewhat authoritarian father of the brood and Julie Andrews another wholesome governess. (Col. Todd-AO. 170 min.) **Dominion,** Tottenham Court Road. MUS 21[illegible]6. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO! (U). A spectacular sci-fi spoof based on the TV series. The Martian monsters are really imaginative creations. (Col. 94 min.) **London Pavilion,** Piccadilly Circus. GER 2982. Pgm: 11.20, 12.50, 4.5, 7.55. Sun: 4.5, 7.25

THE VENETIAN AFFAIR (A). Taut, if confused, thriller about a newspaper photographer drawn into international espionage. (Robert Vaughn, Elke Sommer. Col. 92 min.) **Ritz,** Leicester Square. GER 1234. 12.50, 2.56, 5.2, 7.8, 9.14. Sun: 2.54, 5.0, 7.6, 9.12. **Jacey,** Marble Arch. MAY 6396. 12.10, 2.8, 4.16, 6.24 8.32. Sun: 4.52, 6.54, 8.56

YOU MAY NOT HAVE WON A TRIP TO HAWAII...

BUT YOU CAN BOOK NOW FOR



ASTORIA CHARING CROSS ROAD
FROM JANUARY 3rd
JULIE ANDREWS
MAX VON SYDOW
RICHARD HARRIS
"HAWAII" Ⓐ

GENERAL RELEASE

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

All cinemas are closed on Christmas Day

Acton Granada. 9.
Baker Street Classic. 27, 29, 48.
Belmont Essoldo. 35.
Brixton Classic. 6, 46.
Brixton Granada. 2.
Bromley Odeon. 9.
Camberwell Grand. 35.
Camberwell Odeon. 9.
Charing X Road Jacey-Tatler. 26.
Chelsea Classic. 17, 18, 19.
Chelsea Essoldo. 41.
Clapham Granada. 9.
Croydon Classic. 14, 22.
Dalston Classic. 32, 47.
Deptford Odeon. 9.
Drayton Gardens Paris-Pullman. 25.
Ealing Walpole. 37.
East Dulwich Odeon. 9.
East Ham Granada. 7.
Edgware Road Gala-Royal. 20.
Finchley Rex. 10.
Finsbury Park Astoria. 1.
Golders Green Ionic. 35, 44.
Gt Windmill Street Windmill. 45.
Hackney Essoldo. 2.
Hammersmith Broadway. 2.
Hampstead Everyman. 28.
Hendon Gala. 16.
Hendon Gaumont. 20.
Highams Park Regal. 35.
Hornchurch Odeon. 9.
Kilburn Classic. 4, 49.
Kings Cross Century. 9.
Notting Hill Classic. 13, 23, 24.
Notting Hill Gaumont. 2.
Old Kent Road Astoria. 9.
Piccadilly Circus Classic. 12.
Piccadilly Jacey. 42.
Praed Street Classic. 3, 31, 33.
Putney Globe. 43.
Queensbury Essoldo. 2.
Raynes Park Rialto. 8, 10.
Richmond Odeon. 9.
South Norwood Odeon. 9.
Southfields Plaza. 11.
Stepney Odeon. 38.
Stockwell Classic. 3, 30.
Streatham Odeon. 9.
Surbiton Odeon. 9.
Thornton Heath Granada. 9.
Tooting Astoria. 2.
Tooting Classic. 39, 40.
Tooting Granada. 9.
Tottenham Ct Road Berkeley. 2.
Twickenham Odeon. 9.
Victoria Biograph. 15, 36.
Victoria Cameo. 11.
Waterloo Station Classic. 33, 34.
Watford Carlton. 5.
Watford Odeon. 50.
Well Hall Odeon. 9.
Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. 21.
Wimbledon Odeon. 9.

ADVENTURE

1 **Adventures of the Bengal Lancers** (U). Richard Harrison. Fri, six days: Finsbury Park Astoria

2 **Born Free** (U). Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers. Tottenham Court Berkeley. Fri, six days: Notting Hill Gaumont, Hammersmith Broadway. Mon, five days: Brixton Granada. Tues, five days: Hackney Essoldo, Queensbury Essoldo, Tooting Astoria

3 **The Crimson Pirate** (U). Burt Lancaster. Until Sat: Praed Street Classic. With: Cinderfella (U). Mon, six days: Stockwell Classic. With: The Prince and the Pauper (U)

4 **Demetrius and The Gladiators** (A). Victor Mature. Until Sat: Kilburn Classic

5 **The Fighting Prince of Donegal** (U). Peter McEnery. Fri, six days: Watford Carlton. With: The Absent-Minded Professor (U)

6 **The Pirates of Blood River** (U). Christopher Lee. Mon, three days: Brixton Classic

7 **She** (U). Ursula Andress. Fri, six days: East Ham Granada

CARTOONS

8 **Gay Purree** (U). Until Sat: Raynes Park Rialto. With: Big Deal at Dodge City (U)

RANK RELEASE NORTH

From Fri: THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO! (U). An animated puppet film: a spectacular sci-fi spoof based on the TV series. The dialogue is OK for children, often hysterically funny for adults; and the Martian monsters are really imaginative creations. (Dir: David Lane. Col. 94 min.) With: **Namu, the Killer Whale** (U). Ends Th 29 Dec

RANK RELEASE SOUTH

From Fri: BATMAN (U). Further adventures of Batman, packed with action and gags. Adam West – *above* – plays Batman and Burt Ward, Robin. Great fun, and they even introduce love interest! (Burgess Meredith. Lee Meriwether. Dir: Leslie H Martinson. Col 105 min.) With: **The Man Called Flintstone** (U). Ends Th 29 Dec

ABC RELEASE NORTH

From Fri: THE VENETIAN AFFAIR (A). Taut, if confused, thriller about a newspaper photographer drawn into international espionage. (Robert Vaughn, Elke Sommer, Karl Boehm, Luciana Paluzzi, Boris Karloff. Dir: Jerry Thorpe. Col. 92 min.) With: **The Dangerous Days Of Kiowa Jones** (A). Ends Th 29 Dec

ABC RELEASE SOUTH

From Fri: TARZAN AND THE VALLEY OF GOLD (U). Up-to-date version of the Tarzan formula, with plenty of action. Tarzan, gently played by Mike Henry proves equally at home with wild beasts or a machine-gun. Very enjoyable. (Nancy Kovack – *above*. Dir: Robert Day. Col. 91 min). With: **The Brides Of Fu Manchu** (U). Ends Th 29 Dec

* *At selected Rank South cinemas:* LADY AND THE TRAMP (U). Christmas reissue of Disney's doggy romance. (Col. 76 min.)
For cinemas playing, see District Directory.

9 **Lady and the Tramp** (U). Fri, six days: Acton Granada, Bromley Odeon, Camberwell Odeon, Clapham Granada, Deptford Odeon, East Dulwich Odeon, Hornchurch Odeon, Kings Cross Century, Old Kent Road Astoria, Richmond Odeon, South Norwood Odeon, Streatham Odeon, Surbiton Odeon, Thornton Heath Granada, Tooting Granada, Twickenham Odeon, Well Hall Odeon, Wimbledon Odeon. With: Ballerina (U)

10 **Peter Pan** (U). Fri, six days: Finchley Rex. Mon, six days: Raynes Park Rialto

11 **Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs** (U). Victoria Cameo. Tues, five days: Southfields Plaza

COMEDIES

12 **Alfie** (X). Michael Caine. Piccadilly Circus Classic

13 **Ali Baba** (U). Fernandel. Fri 23 Dec, 11.15 pm only: Notting Hill Classic

14 **Battle of the Sexes** (U). Peter Sellers. Mon, six days: Croydon Classic. With: Up the Creek (U)

15 **Kiss Me, Stupid** (X). Dean Martin. Until Sat: Victoria Biograph. With: St George and the Seven Curses (X)

16 **Morgan, a Suitable Case for Treatment** (A). Vanessa Redgrave, David Warner. Until Sat: Hendon Gala

17 **The Pink Panther** (A). Peter Sellers. Mon, six days: Chelsea Classic

18 **Public Enemy No 1** (U). Fernandel. Fri 23 Dec, 11.15 pm only: Chelsea Classic

19 **A Shot in the Dark** (A). Peter Sellers. Until Sat: Chelsea Classic

20 **Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines** (U). Stuart Whitman. Edgware Road Gala-Royal. Fri, six days: Hendon Gaumont

DRAMA

21 **Balthazar** (A). Nathalie Joyaut. Until Sat: Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre

22 **Giant** (A). Rock Hudson. Until Sat: Croydon Classic

23 **Great Expectations** (A). Alec Guinness. Until Sat: Notting Hill Classic

24 **The Nun's Story** (U). Audrey Hepburn. Mon, six days: Notting Hill Classic

25 **Saragossa Manuscript** (X). Zbigniew Cybulski. Drayton Gardens Paris-Pullman. With: Nobody Waved Goodbye (A)

26 **Small World of Sammy Lee** (X). Anthony Newley. Charing Cross Road Jacey-Tatler. With: Frustration (X)

27 **Summer Interlude** (A). Maj-Britt Nilsson. Fri 23 Dec, 11.15 pm only: Baker Street Classic

28 **This Sporting Life** (A). Richard Harris. Until Sat: Hampstead Everyman

29 **War and Peace** (U). Audrey Hepburn. Mon, six days: Baker Street Classic

HORROR

30 **Dracula** (X). Christopher Lee. Until Sat: Stockwell Classic. With: Murder Incorporated (X)

MUSICALS

31 **Blue Hawaii** (U). Elvis Presley. Mon, six days: Praed Street Classic: With: A Hard Day's Night (U)

32 **Fun in Acapulco** (U). Elvis Presley. Mon, three days: Dalston Classic

33 **A Hard Day's Night** (U). The Beatles. Mon, six days: Praed Street Classic, Waterloo Station Classic

34 **Jazz on a Summer's Day** (U). Anita O'Day. Until Sat: Waterloo Station Classic

35 **Mary Poppins** (U). Julie Andrews. Mon, six days: Camberwell Grand, Golders Green Ionic, Highams Park Regal. Tues, five days: Belmont Essoldo

36 **Pajama Party** (U). Tommy Kirk. Mon, three days: Victoria Biograph

37 **Seven Brides for Seven Brothers** (U). Howard Keel. Fri, six days: Ealing Walpole. With: King Solomon's Mines (U)

38 **Wizard of Oz** (U). Judy Garland. Fri, six days: Stepney Odeon. With: Tom Thumb (U)

39 **Wonderful Life** (U). Cliff Richard. Mon, six days: Tooting Classic. With: Cinderfella (U)

THRILLERS

40 **Charade** (A). Cary Grant. Until Sat: Tooting Classic

41 **Dr No** (A). Sean Connery. Mon, six days: Chelsea Essoldo. With: From Russia With Love (A)

42 **The Exterminators** (A). Richard Wyler. Piccadilly Jacey. With: The Revenge of the Blood Beast (X)

43 **Thunderball** (A). Sean Connery. Fri, six days: Putney Globe

WAR

44 **The Dam Busters** (U). Richard Todd. Until Sat: Golders Green Ionic.

WESTERNS

45 **Cat Ballou** (A). Jane Fonda. Great Windmill Street Windmill. With: Fail Safe (A)

46 **Column South** (U). Audie Murphy. Until Sat: Brixton Classic

47 **Fort Apache** (U). John Wayne. Until Sat: Dalston Classic

48 **The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance** (U). John Wayne, James Stewart. Until Sat: Baker Street Classic

49 **Sergeants 3** (U). Frank Sinatra. Mon six days: Kilburn Classic

PRE-RELEASE

50 **Press For Time** (U). Norman Wisdom. Fri, six days: Watford Odeon

FILMS IN FLIGHT

AIR FRANCE. To New York: Until 27 Dec: Assault on a Queen. From 28 Dec: The Singing Nun. **To Los Angeles and Montreal.** Until 27 Dec: Le Gendarme de Sainte-Tropez. From 28 Dec: Assault on a Queen. **To Washington.** Until 27 Dec: Angélique. From 28 Dec: Le Gendarme de Sainte-Tropez
PAN AM. Eastbound. Until 31 Dec: Texas Across the River. **Westbound:** The Wrong Box
TWA. All flights. Until 27 Dec: Not With My Wife, You Don't! From 28 Dec: Kaleidoscope

music

MUSIC HAS ALWAYS MEANT just about everything in the life of 20-year-old Roger Denison, and he has now satisfied a longed-for wish with the release of his first disc, *I'm on an Island*. Roger started singing just over four years ago at Stowe Public School, Bucks, but as pop activities were always being suppressed, he became even more enthusiastic . . . and he purposely grew his hair longer than was liked. "But one of my big aims," he says, "is to go into record production; I'm not cut out to go on the road as a pop singer."

Over the years, Festival Ballet have brought some of the world's most exciting dancers to London, from places so far away that we might never otherwise see them. Karel Shimoff (left) *is such a dancer. This amazing pocket ballerina, just 22, was spotted by Anton Dolin in the Western Ballet, Los Angeles, and he immediately urged Festival to engage her. Result: she will dance the Sugar Plum Fairy, opposite John Gilpin, on the opening night of the company's popular Christmas ballet,* The Nutcracker, *at the Festival Hall on Boxing Day.*

Victor Hochhauser is negotiating for a return visit of the Bolshoi Ballet and other dance companies . . . The highly successful production of Janácek's *From the House of the Dead*, returns to Sadler's Wells on 24 January . . . The Red Army Choir and Dancers will have a season at the Albert Hall in March and April . . . Purcell's rarely heard *King Arthur* will be given on 24 June as part of the Stour Festival, Kent . . . An international cast of soloists is to be assembled for Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex*, at the Festival Hall on 16 March.

Since it was first mounted at Sadler's Wells in December 1963, Humperdinck's fairy-tale opera Hansel and Gretel *has been a regular part of London's Christmas scene. Eight performances are to be given between 22 December and 7 January, with Patricia Kern* (below right) *as Hansel, and Margaret Neville as Gretel; Ann*

Howard provides an unforgettable caricature as the Witch. Joining the company during the Wells' 1959/60 season, Swansea-born Miss Kern is currently enjoying great success as Joséphine in Williamson's Violins of Saint-Jacques; *while Southampton's Margaret Neville, who has been with the company since 1963, will be seen as Aleja in next month's production of* From the House of the Dead.

One of the aims of the recitals given by the Law Society at their Hall in Chancery Lane, is to provide an opportunity for the audience to hear well-known artists in as informal an atmosphere as possible. To achieve this, the artists play in the centre of the Hall's Common Room, surrounded by the audience; and – an excellent idea, this – some of the soloists introduce the works they are about to play. Ring BIS 6555 for details of the current recitals.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

ALL HALLOWS, Berkyngechirche-by-the-Tower. Th 22 Dec: Gordon Phillips (organ). 12.15, 1.15

ST ANDREW UNDERSHAFT, St Mary Axe, EC3. Th 22 Dec: R J Cruden (organ). 12.30

ST BOTOLPH, Bishopsgate, EC2. Th 22 Dec: Edward Godsell (clarinet), Bela Simandi (piano). 1.10

COURTYARD OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, EC3. Th 22 Dec: Singers Workshop Choir from the St Mary Woolnoth Church. 1.15

CONCERTS

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore Street, W1 (WEL 2141). Th 22 Dec: Children's Christmas Piano Concert. Soloists: Neil Wilson, Susan Tomes, Alan Brown, Jonathan Dunsby, Tessa Nicholson, Paul Roberts, Nicola Gebolys. 7.30

RECITALS

HYDE PARK CHAPEL, Exhibition Road, SW7. Th 22 Dec: James Dalton, organ. 7.30

ST BOTOLPH'S CHURCH, Bishopsgate, EC3. T 27 Dec: John Oxlade, organ. 1.0

HOLY SEPULCHRE, Holborn Viaduct, EC4. W 28 Dec: Derek Lindo, recorder, Muriel Lindo, harpsichord, Ruth Daniells, viola da Gamba. 1.15

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). Th 22, W 28 Dec: BENVENUTO CELLINI, Berlioz (in French). Conductor: Pritchard. Principals: Vaughan, Minton, Gedda, Massard, Dobson, Bisson, D Ward, Godfrey. 7.30 T 27 Dec: TOSCA, Puccini (in Italian). Conductor: Downes. Principals: Collier, Turp, Gobbi, Garrett, Kelly. 7.30

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (TER 1672). Th 22, M 26, T 27, W 28 Dec: HANSEL AND GRETEL, Humperdinck. Conductor: Balkwill. Principals: Neville, Kern, Howard, Hunter, Folley. F and W: 7.30. M, T: 2.30

F 23, M 26, T 27 Dec: BLUEBEARD, Offenbach. Conductor: Barker. Principals: Grimaldi, Cooper, Fryatt, Hawthorne, Hillman, Stroud. 7.30

BALLET

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). F 23 Dec: GISELLE, Adam/Corrali and Perrot. Conductor: Lanchbery. Principals: Fonteyn, Nureyev. 7.30

M 26 Dec: THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, Tchaikovsky/Petipa. Conductor: Lawrence. Principals: Sibley, Doyle. 2.15. Conductor: Lanchbery. Principals: Fonteyn, Nureyev. 7.30

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). From M 26 Dec: THE NUTCRACKER, Tchaikovsky/Lichine. Conductors: Bowman, Reid. London's Festival Ballet, London Philharmonic Orchestra, with Children's Corps de Ballet. 3.0, 7.30

JAZZ/POPULAR

RONNIE SCOTT'S CLUB, 47 Frith Street. Until 7 Jan: Ben Webster and Blossom Dearie

RAM JAM CLUB, Brixton. F 23 Dec: Geno Washington and His Ram Jam Band

MANOR HOUSE. F 23 Dec: Zoot Money and the Big Roll Band

GOLDERS GREEN REFECTORY. F 23 Dec: John Mayall and the Blues Breakers

THAMES HOTEL, Hampton Court. F 23 Dec: Alex Welsh and His Band

JAZZ SHOWS, 100 Oxford Street. F 23 Dec: Alan Elsdon's Jazz Band. Sat 24 Dec: Alex Welsh and His Band

OSTERLY RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB. F 23 Dec: Charlie Galbraith's Allstars

SCOTCH OF ST JAMES, 13 Mason's Yard, Duke Street. Sat 24 Dec: Eric Burdon and the New Animals

HARPENDEN PUBLIC HALL. Sat 24 Dec: Robb Storme Group

SAVILLE THEATRE. M 26 Dec (for two weeks): Georgie Fame, Julie Felix, Cat Stevens, Sounds Incorporated, The Fourmost. 6.10 and 8.45 pm

MARQUEE, 90 Wardour Street. Tue 27 Dec: John Mayall and the Blues Breakers

PURLEY ORCHID BALLROOM. W 28 Dec: The Alan Price

STEVENAGE LOCARNO. W 28 Dec: The Mood

BALLET

Kurt Jooss's single appearance at the Congress Theatre, Eastbourne, a couple of weeks ago, represents the first time in 13 years that his famous Essen company has been seen in England. *The Green Table* (1932), not surprisingly, dominated the evening; but how dated it looks. Jooss's latest creation, *Phases* (1965), together with works by two of his disciples, *Songs of Encounter* and *Recueil*, provided some indication of the direction his company is heading just now, with its peculiar vocabulary combining the best of the classical and contemporary styles.

At Watford's Palace Theatre, Ballet for All has enjoyed an almost unprecedented week of "Sold Out" houses. Excerpts from *Giselle, Swan Lake, The Sleeping Beauty, La Fille mal Gardée* and *Les Sylphides*, as well as contemporary ballets, have shown a notable high standard of performance from Hilary Debden, Clemency Clift, Michael Beare and Michael Ingleton. The biggest surprise has been Miss Debden, a girl of such obvious star material that one hopes to see her talents exploited when she rejoins her own company next month.

Four new ballets were the feature of the Classical Dance Group's latest appearance at the Commonwealth Institute, on 11 December; but it was director Joanna Denise's two works, *Deliver Us From Evil* and *Visions Fugitives*, which stood out for their more solid choreographic structure. Notable dancing came from Ann Becher (late of Australian Ballet, now with the Pigalle), Judyan Gustafson and Linda McMullen. Guest artist Carmen Mathé was in scintillating form in variations from *Swan Lake* and *The Sleeping Beauty*.

Water-sprites

Over at the Covent Garden aquarium, the Royal Ballet have been displaying three different water-sprites in Ashton's *Ondine* . . . Margot Fonteyn, the embodiment of the very creature itself: playful, loving, tragic; Svetlana Beriosova, cool, slippery, and unwittingly destined to bring despair into the life of her human lover; Nadia Nerina, all warmth and tenderness, heart and soul, and very moving in Palemon's ultimate death scene. The Palemons of Donald MacLeary and Desmond Doyle were insignificant ripples against the broader interpretation of Atillio Labis, guesting from the Paris Opéra. Georgina Parkinson gave more dramatic value to Berta than the thankless role deserves or usually gets; while Tirrenio, von Rothbart of the Mediterranean, has now become Alexander Grant's own.

The Ballet Rambert brought their extended London season (at the Cochrane Theatre) to a close last week with their image smack bang on top again. Two works were new to London: Rudi van Danzig's *Night Island*, a knotty story of love-warfare, beautifully danced in different performances by Amanda Knott and Sandra Craig; and Jonathan Taylor's electronic ballet, *Diversities*, in which Mary Willis brought a compelling tone to this not insignificant work.

ian woodward

RICK DANE ON DISCS

The Troggs – Any Way That You Want Me (Page One). Gone are the baa-baa-baas and big beat – The Troggs have now produced a romantic ballad. Reg Presley's vocal is a complete contrast to anything he's done before, and he handles the lyric with sincerity and feeling. The arrangement is all strings, giving a classical quality, which could be the new in-sound of '67.

The Association – Pandora's Golden Heebie Jeebies (London). *Heebie Jeebies* is all too much, with no substance to back it up: like an American underground movie, it never surfaces. The Association are a talented US group, who will have to find a more commercial vehicle for success here.

The Who – A Quick One (Reaction – LP). The Who have always shown promise – which has now been fulfilled with this fabulous new album. Pete Townsend's compositions capture the essential, emotional spectrum of The Who – violence and sensitivity, humour and cynicism. *A Quick One While He's Away* is an outstanding track in that it's a departure from the accepted pop format and could be developed into a musical. The Who deserve recognition for their musical progress.

Simon and Garfunkel – Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme (CBS – LP). A beautifully produced album from Simon and Garfunkel, which should firmly establish them in Britain. *Flowers Never Bend In The Rainfall* has a flowery poetic lyric, while *Dangling Conversation* is beat and jangle; *News, Silent News*, looks at the Christmas spirit alongside crime and war.

DISCOTHEQUE TEN

1 *Sunshine Superman* – Donovan
2 *You Keep Me Hangin' On* – Supremes.
3 *What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted* – Jimmy Ruffin.
4 *Fa Fa Fa Fa Fa (Sad Song)* – Otis Redding.
5 *I'm Ready For Love* – Martha and The Vandellas.
6 *I Need Love* – Little Richard.
7 *Heaven Must Have Sent You* – Elgins.
8 *Gimme Some Loving* – Spencer Davis.
9 *Mustang Sally* – Wilson Pickett.
10 *I Feel Free* – The Cream.

GALLERIES

Detail from "Girl Smoking Hookah with Handmaidens," Mogul, late 18th century; at Kasmin.

Those few who already know of the pleasures of Indian painting may have ambivalent feelings about there being three exhibitions of their special world on view at the same time, at Kasmin, Portal, and the British Museum.

Indian painting is certainly one of the few areas of artistic treasure that remains relatively unexplored and unexploited, at least in this country. Wider appreciation will naturally lead to a rise in their relatively modest prices. One of the viewers' joys must be that pure artistic response will take one nearly all the way into these pictures.

Emotion of the subtlest nuance as well as the most direct invitation is the thematic material of these exquisite illustrations. Unrequited love and nights of longing and lounging in palace pavilions by moonlit lakes are typical and recurring elements.

European elegance, by contrast as tough as a new car, is to be seen among a good selection of Fontana's work of McRoberts and Tunnard. European emotion of a different kind, more powerful than a car, can be found in the lower gallery in a rarely seen and previously uncatalogued Head by Francis Bacon (1948).

keith sutton

CURRENT

AIA, 15 Lisle Street, WC2. GER 4846. Objects. Until 6 Jan. M-F 11-6. Sat 11-4

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell Street, WC1. MUS 1555. History and Romance in Mughal India. Daily 10-5, Sun 2.30-6

LUCIO FONTANA, McRoberts and Tunnard, 34 Curzon Street, W1. GRO 3811. Paintings. Until mid-Jan. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

GIMPEL FILS, 50 South Molton Street, W1. MAY 3720. Primitive works. Until 21 Jan. M-F 10-5.45, Sat 10-1

GRABOWSKI, 84 Sloane Avenue, SW3. KEN 1868. Print-makers' Council. Until 13 Jan. Daily 10-6

HAMILTON, 8 St George Street, W1. HYD 3196. Hamilton Artists '66-'67. Until 14 Jan. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

ICA, 17-18 Dover Street, W1. GRO 6186. Selections from the Ascher Award. Until 7 Jan. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

KASMIN, 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821. Indian Miniatures. Until 31 Dec. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

L S LOWRY, Tate, Millbank, SW1. TAT 4444. Retrospective. Until 15 Jan. M-Sat 10-5, Sun 2-6, T and Th 10-8

L S LOWRY, Crane Kalman, 178 Brompton Road, SW3. KNI 7566. Homage to L S Lowry. Until Jan. M-F 10-7, Sat 10-4

MARLBOROUGH NEW LONDON, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. New Marlborough Prints. Until 13 Jan. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

CLAES OLDENBURG, Robert Fraser, 69 Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. Objects. Until 31 Dec. M-F 10-6, Sat 11-1

O'HANA GALLERY, 13 Carlos Place, W1. GRO 1562. Paintings and Sculpture Christmas Show. Until 28 Jan. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

PICASSO, Brook Street Gallery, 24 Brook Street, W1. HYD 1550. Sixty years of graphic work. Until 27 Jan. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

PICCADILLY GALLERY, 16a Cork Street, W1. MAY 2875. Christmas exhibition of drawings, including Giacometti, Hockney. Continues into Jan. M-F 10-6. Sat 10-1

PORTAL, 16a Grafton Street, W1. HYD 0706. Small early 19th century Indian paintings. Until 31 Dec. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

REDFERN, 20 Cork Street, W1. REG 1732. Works from Gallery Maeght. Until 10 Jan. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

ROWAN, 25a Lowndes Street, SW1. BEL 3490. Gallery Group. Until 29 Dec. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

TAKIS, Indica, Masons Yard, St James, SW1. WHI 1424. Magnetic Sculpture and White Signals 1966. Until 31 Dec. M-F 10-7, Sat 10-5.30

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GOOD EATING

Freda Townsend is the third in my series of London's *patronnes*. She owns Il Regalo, a newish basement restaurant on an old-established site in Knightsbridge - Beauchamp Place. Miss Townsend, a psychiatric social worker by day, is to be found in her restaurant five evenings a week, after work. She says unembarrassedly: "You can't miss me," and sounds as if she bears witness to the "Happiness is an all-rounder" view of life.

Weepy and feminine

Of course, her social work comes first – that's with brain-injured children, and she has been doing it for 15 years. "I'm terribly devoted to that," she says. "I love it. I wouldn't ever give it up for the restaurant business, though that is really very much my baby. When I had business trouble some time ago, and thought I might have to sell the restaurant, I did get very weepy and feminine about it."

Miss Townsend describes Il Regalo as "rather womblike" – a psychiatrist's phrase, I guess, for the kind of cosy if not yet intimate place it is. the clientele seems to be finding its own level – local Knightsbridge guardee-cum-young-professional-type, plus little-black-dressed girls and that.

The Gift

Freda Townsend – she called it Il Regalo because that's the first Italian word she learned; it means The Gift – opened it in the first place because "I like to cook myself – I'm a great eater, really! – and there are so many things that irritate me in other restaurants."

Particular improvements incorporated in this "womb" with a view: delicate bone china instead of heavyish tableware; more space per eater than usual in this area – "I don't like to be sat on," she says. "I'm a large, heavy woman, and I like a big seat to sit in."

Powder room

The powder room, I gather, is especially looked after, by contrast with some of the unhappier, scruffier experiences Miss T has had around town.

If you get there after midnight, the chances are that Freda Townsend will cook for you herself – the cook goes off then, but, understandably, they don't like to turn people away. She tells me that on her weekly night off, when she asks her boy friend where shall they go, he opts for eating at home. "I'm a pretty good cook, I think," she says. "Creamed chicken . . . and I'm good on fish. . . ."

Changing menus

Otherwise she supervises the buying, and a nice domestic approach she has there, too, dealing with the Knightsbridge tradesmen that local families shop at. The result: meats and salads are fresh, and the often-changing menus reflect what's in season.

The principle behind it all? Freda Townsend says: "If you've got a small restaurant, you've got to decide what you are going to do there, and stick to it."

arthur pottersman

LONDON CHOICE

A L'ECU DE FRANCE, international with French emphasis, 111 Jermyn Street, SW1 (WHI 2837). Mon-Sat: 12.30-2.30 (lunch) and 6.30-11.30 (dinner). Very luxurious. Bill for two: £6. CREDIT CARDS: *Eurocard, American Express*

ANTOINE'S, French, 40 Charlotte Street, W1 (MUS 2817). Open Sun-Fri; closed Sat from 1-2.30 pm and 6-11 pm. Average bill for two, about £5. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners*

BARON OF BEEF, English, Gutter Lane, Gresham Street, EC2 (MON 6961). Mon-Fri 12-3, 5-9.30 (last orders, but licensed to 11). Bill for two £5 plus. No credit cards; private accounts arranged

BOULESTIN, French, 25 Southampton Street, WC2 (TEM 7061). Mon-Fri: 12.30-1.45 pm and 6-10.45 pm. Average bill for two £6-£7. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners*

EMPRESS, international with French emphasis, 15 Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 6126). Sun-Fri 12.30-3 and 6.30-2 am. Average bill for two £7. CREDIT CARDS: *Eurocard, American Express*

LA COLOMBINA D'ORO, Italian, 61 Dean Street, W1 (REG 6875). Open every day from 12-2 pm and 6 (Sundays 6.30) to 1.30 pm. Expect to pay about £4 for two. No credit cards

PARKES, international, 4 Beauchamp Place, SW3 (KEN 1990). Dinner only 7.30-11.30 pm. £3 for a four-course *table d'hôte* meal. No credit cards

RULES, English, Maiden Lane, WC2 (TEM 5314). Mon-Sat 12-3 pm and 6-11.20 pm (Sat 11), last orders 10.30. The steak-and-kidney pie is justly famous. Bill for two, from £2 to £4. No credit cards

VEERASWAMY'S, Indian, 99 Regent Street, W1 (REG 1403). Dinner 6-12 pm (Sunday 7-10.30 pm). Set lunch 18s 6d; set dinner 21s. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express, Eurocard*

WHITE TOWER, Greek, 1 Percy Street, W1 (MUS 8141). Mon-Sat 12.45-3, 6.45-10.30. Enjoy the warm service and superb wine. Average bill for two £6. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

AROUND TOWN

IL REGALO, 7 Beauchamp Place, SW3 (KEN 4109). Open for dinners only, Monday to Saturday from 6.30 pm to 11.55 pm for last orders. They will take your reservation after 5 pm, I see. The menu changes quite frequently, but on the whole I think it likely that eaters will do well here. The onion soup is a real soup; and although when they say "light cheese crust," for instance, about some well-prepared aubergines, it turns out to be heavier than that, still I enjoyed it. This place is a sauce above many other Italian restaurants, too, in that it offers excellent brandy sauces with certain chicken and veal dishes. These are, nonetheless, not too heavy. Vegetables: on the whole, fine. Brussels sprouts and cauliflower were approved, though a taster did think that some of her beans were has-beens. Sweets: h'm . . . I liked the oranges, sliced and soaked in liqueur, but, as so often in Italian restaurants, it's either that or *zabaglione*, which isn't the widest choice. Certainly comfortable, though I would not say lavishly furnished. Not much eavesdropping, and you can sit, relax and spread. Their card advises me: "This is a small and intimate restaurant where people dine and linger." Well, yes, and I know that business isn't yet consistently busy enough for a third waiter to be practicable, but it took 15 minutes for me to get my bill. It all depends on how long you want to linger. . . . Coffee should be fresher, carafe wine very drinkable (at 14s 6d). Bill will normally be about £2 a head. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

THE FONTAINBLEAU, 3 Northumberland Avenue, WC2 (WHI 1425). Open Monday to Saturday from 12 to 2.30 and 6 to 10.30 (last order times, of course). Not precisely inelegant, not exactly uncomfortable, not really *haute cuisine*. Yet I was surprised on first learning some years ago about this place, in a clearing hard by the jungle of Trafalgar Square. It is very good for its area, and good, too, of its rather specialised kind. Wine is their speciality, and hence the menu offers a detailed guide (complete with easily followed code symbols) of wines to drink, dish by dish. The other pride is their cheeseboard, which just possibly offers the best variety in town – certainly as stimulating and pungent a choice as I have ever wanted. If you care about having to hang your own coat up, well, that's another matter. The main dishes accompany the excellent wines – I admired the presumption of their *escalope*, for instance – rather than anything else. All in all, a vinous education rather than a fully gastronomic experience. But that has its uses, too. Bill: 25s to 30s a head. CREDIT CARDS: *American Express, Barclaycard*

RUGANTINO, 26 Romilly Street, W1 (GER 5302). Open every day Monday to Saturday from 12 to 2.45 pm and 6 to 11.45. Sunday from 12.30 to 2.15 and 6.30 to 11.15 pm for dinner. Newish, unpretentious little Italian restaurant. *Minestrone* perhaps a bit adventurous, but *pasta* are adequate. Chicken and veal dishes are all right, and the sweets, if usual, are attractive. Comfortable to sit in, and, as the clientèle rolls up, stands a good chance of developing a fairly jolly kind of atmosphere. Carafe wine is perfectly drinkable (*Chianti*, I gather). But there really is no substitute for fresh coffee. It was truly undrinkable the other day, and little wonder: made at midday, it was offered at 2 pm! Choose carefully, go easy on the wine, and you will get your 25s a head's worth here. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners*

THE WEEK

Left: at the Greater London Young Conservatives Ball, held at the Albert Hall, Mr Enoch Powell walks with Miss Susan Lewis who was elected Miss Greater London Young Conservative, and later sealed her election with a kiss **(above).**

Ricky Renée with Dora Bryan at a party he gave to celebrate the opening of his new night club

Above: at a special gift-selection evening held at Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd, Miss N Hulse and Mr T Olsen. **Left:** Miss Mary Moore Mason and Mr Roger Tilleray at PAN AM's Christmas party

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Barbican III nears completion

Futuristic living in the City of London with the Barbican scheme (envisaged above). Below left: The luxurious dining-room at 8 Hyde Park Gardens. Below right: The terrace at 8 Hyde Park Gardens leads to private gardens and overlooks the Park itself.

The Church Commissioners' lease of a magnificent duplex flat, facing south over private gardens and Hyde Park, is now for sale. The flat is at 8 Hyde Park Gardens, and it forms part of a terrace of town mansions converted into apartments by the Church Commissioners.

No 8 combines the advantages of a non-basement house with the amenities of a luxury flat. It has its own front door, and the spacious reception rooms open on to a broad terrace overlooking Hyde Park, with steps leading down to the private gardens.

Money has been lavished on the flat and the interior *décor* is striking. The principal bedroom suite overlooks the gardens. It consists of a 25-foot master bedroom, a large boudoir and handsome bathroom. There is also a guest suite, a third bedroom with its own bathroom, and six other bedrooms.

The lease is 20 years unexpired, and the agents Knight, Frank and Rutley are quoting a price of £35,000. The Church Commissioners may extend the lease for another 24 years.

● The first of the £6 million four 11-storey blocks, which form Phase III of the Barbican redevelopment scheme, took a step nearer completion recently. Alderman Sir Gilbert Inglefield, Chairman of the Corporation of London's Barbican Committee attended a topping out ceremony there. According to John Laing and Son Limited, the contractors, the first block will be occupied by next summer.

doreen king

SALEROOMS

THURSDAY 22 DECEMBER

English and foreign silver and plate. 10.30. Chinese ceramics and works of art including *famille-verte, famille-rose* and Compagnie-des-Indes wares. 11.0. Sotheby's

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ADDRESSES AND VIEWING TIMES

Bonham & Sons, Montpelier Galleries, Montpelier Street, SW7 (KNI 9161) – one or two days before sale

Puttick & Simpson, Blenstock House, Blenheim Street, W1 (GRO 8541) – the day prior to sale

Sotheby & Co, 34 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 7242) – at least two days before sale

NIGHT OUT AND BEST BARS

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

ASTOR (GRO 2366 and 3181), BerKeley Square. 10 pm-4 am. Cabaret 1 am. Until Sat: The Hallmarks, Mike Preston. From Boxing Day: The Clarke Brothers, Jock Morgan. Minimum food charge 25s. Dancing to two bands. Closed Christmas Day

DANNY LA RUE'S (GRO 4203), 17 Hanover Square. 10.30-4 am. Revue 1.15 am. Danny La Rue and company in *Let's Get High*. Dinner about 35s plus wine. Dancing to two groups. Closed Christmas Eve, Day and Boxing Day

PIGALLE (REG 6423), 190 Piccadilly. 7.30 pm-3.30 am. No membership or entrance fee. Floor show. Currently: Chan Canasta. Mon-Sat: Dinner, dance and show 57s 6d, plus wine. Mon-Fri: Supper, dance and show 30s. Dancing to two orchestras.

RICKY RENEE'S (COV 0735), 24/26 Russell Street. 10 pm-4 am. Cabaret 1 am, with Ricky Renée, Teddy Green, Melvyn Hayes, Maria Charles, Anne Hamilton. Extensive menu, *table d'hôte* 37s 6d. Dancing to Peter Barclay Trio

SHOWBOAT (WHI 2781), Lyons Corner House, Trafalgar Square. 8.30 pm-1 am. Stage show at 10.30 pm: *Swinging London*. Dinner, dance and show 39s 6d, plus wine. Christmas Day lunch: 12-3. pm. Boxing Day gala: 3 gns

TALK OF THE TOWN (REG 5051), Hippodrome Corner, Leicester Square. Restaurant 8.15 pm-1.15 am. Revue 9.30 pm. Cabaret 11 pm. Currently: Frank Ifield. Dinner, dance and show Mon-Fri: 59s 6d. Sat: 65s. Closed Christmas Day. Boxing Day gala: £5

DISCOTHEQUES

BLAISE'S (KEN 6228), 121 Queen's Gate. 9 pm-2.30 am. Membership 2 gns. Entrance fee. *A la carte* from 17s 6d. Different live group every night. Gaming

DOWNSTAIRS (MAY 7777), May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Street. 10.30 pm-2.30 am. No membership. Entrance fee 10s, includes snacks. Three bands. Closed Christmas Day. Boxing Day: 30s admission charge

DOLLY'S (GRO 5927), 57 Jermyn Street. 10.30 pm-4 am. Closed Sun. Membership 5 gns. Cover charge. Grills. Closed Christmas Eve

FANNY'S BISTRO (MAY 6214), 51 Maddox Street. 7.30 pm-3 am. No membership. Cover charge. Minimum charge 21s. *A la carte* menu. Closed Christmas Eve to Boxing Day

HADDY'S (FRE 9918), 158 Old Brompton Road. 8 pm-2 am. Closed Sun. No membership or entrance fee. Full restaurant. Minimum charge 21s. Average 30s

SAMANTHA'S (734-5425), 3 New Burlington Street. 8 pm-3 am. Membership £1. Entrance fee. Drinks at pub prices. Grills approximately 8s. Groups. Surprises every night over Christmas!

SCOTCH OF ST JAMES (TRA 6109), 13 Mason's Yard, Duke Street. 10 pm-4 am. Membership 5 gns. Entrance fee for guests. Grills about £1. Resident groups. Christmas Eve: Eric Burdon and the New Animals. Closed Christmas Day. Gala Boxing Day

GAMING

LE CERCLE (GRO 5050), 5 Hamilton Place. Opens 10 pm. Membership by introduction only. Blackjack, roulette, backgammon. Restaurant and bar. Closed Christmas Day and Boxing Day

GEORGE RAFT'S COLONY SPORTING CLUB (MAY 1657), Berkeley Square. 1.30 pm until end of play. Membership 2 gns. American roulette, blackjack, craps, punto-banco. Meals about £2, plus wine. Dinner-dancing but no cabaret Christmas Day

CHARLIE CHESTER CASINO (GER 7045), Archer Street. Open 24 hours. Life membership 2 gns. Blackjack, Las Vegas dice and roulette. Licensed night club. Open all over Christmas

PAIR OF SHOES (HYD 1801), 21 Hertford Street. Restaurant with pianist Roy Budd from 7.30 pm. Gaming starts 10 pm. Membership (temporarily closed) 10 gns. Craps, blackjack and roulette. Bar. Closed Christmas Day

MAZURKA (GER 3547), 4 Denman Street. 9 pm till end of play. Membership 10s 6d. Blackjack, poker, roulette and craps. Sandwiches. Normal licensing hours. Closed Christmas Day. Bar extensions: Christmas Eve to 2 am. Boxing Day to 2.30 am

NEW CASANOVA (MAY 1463), 52 Grosvenor Street. Opens 9.30 pm. Membership 2 gns. Backgammon, blackjack, roulette, chemin de fer

WINDMILL GAMBLING SALOON (GER 8552), Great Windmill Street. 4 pm until play ends. Membership 10s 6d. American roulette, blackjack, dice. Light refreshments. Closed Christmas Day

DINNER & DANCE

BEACHCOMBER (MAY 7777), Berkeley Street. 5.30 pm-1 am. No entrance fee to bar. Dinner, minimum 30s. Wines 21s-£3. Three bands. Closed Christmas Day. Boxing Day gala 4 gns

CANDLELIGHT CLUB (GRO 5753), 3 Green Street, Grosvenor Square. Mon-Fri 8.30 pm-4 am. *A la carte* dinner 79s 6d plus wine. Discothèque. Dancing to piano. Closed Christmas Eve to 27 Dec

LA DOLCE VITA (GER 2774), 10 Frith Street. 6 pm-1.30 am. Sun until 12.30 am. Dinner 15s 6d minimum, dinner-dancing 32s 6d in La Taverna. Closed Christmas Day. Galas Christmas Eve and Boxing Day, 3 gns

DORCHESTER (MAY 8888), Park Lane. 8.30 pm-1.30 am. About £4-£5, including wine. Dancing to New Dorchester Music with Albert Marland. Service charge. Closed Christmas Day. The Grill Room: 6.30 pm-midnight. Service charge

PLAYBOY (MAY 6001), 45 Park Lane. VIP Room 7.30 pm-3.30 am. Dinner-dancing and cabaret about 3 gns. Breakfast 1.30 am. Membership 5 gns plus 3 gns initiation. Closed Christmas Day

ROYAL GARDEN HOTEL (WES 8000), Kensington High Street. Dinner 7.30 pm-1 am: about £4. Dancing to trio. Christmas Day lunch 12.30-3 pm. 57s 6d plus service charge. Boxing Day gala, 8 pm to 2 am, 7 gns. Palace Suite: Boxing Day gala ball 8 pm to 2 am. 5½ gns

VILLAGE CLUB (SLO 1854), 77 Lower Sloane Street. 6 pm-2 am. Dinner about 30s. French cuisine. Dancing to discothèque. Closed Christmas Eve to Boxing Day

THE TOLLINGTON ARMS, 115 Hornsey Road, N7. Still my favourite North London pub. It's a haven in an appalling area. When Charlie and Rose Webster moved here from a Kentish Town boozer they transformed it into one of the cheeriest and most comfortable houses you could hope to find. Service from them and their staff is fabulous. Likewise their snacks and sandwiches. Well worth the trek to the miserable surroundings of the Hornsey hinterland

THE MAGDALA TAVERN, 2 Southill Park, NW3. The great thing about the "Mag" is that the notoriety of Ruth Ellis shooting her lover virtually on the doorstep never turned it into a morbid, touristy attraction. Well-known faces from public life and showbiz can drink there without gaping crowds at their elbows. Big concentration of flatlet and bedsit types in the late evening

THE LAMB AND FLAG, 33 Rose Street, Covent Garden, WC2. Buried in a warren of market warehouses, but well worth the effort expended in finding it. Licensed in the reign of the first Elizabeth, it has particular associations with Dryden, who was "almost knocked off just outside." This was on 19 December 1679, and was known as the Rose Alley Ambuscade – Dryden had written too pointedly about Charles II's mistress

BLUE POSTS, 6 Bennet Street, SW1. A tiara's throw from the Ritz, used a lot by chauffeurs who have dropped top people at the hotel and the nearby Caprice. Also comfortably crowded, generally in the evening, with the type of elegant man and woman about town one expects to find in and around St James's. Atmosphere congenial. Ideal little spot for start-of-the-evening drinks before heading for the enticements of the West End

CROWN AND GREYHOUND, 73 Dulwich Village, SE21. Big pub, set back from the road. Three huge linked bars, invariably packed, and full of atmosphere. Very friendly service. Bars filled with *tat-tulle* lampshades, brass kettles, oil paintings

THE STAR AND GARTER, 2 Kew Bridge Road, Chiswick, W4. Rambling house, with bar leading into bar, an excellent restaurant and quality food counter. One-time coaching house, it rears up at one end of Kew Bridge. Speedy service, but beware of the tendency which the place has of inducing one to linger longer than intended

GROVE TAVERN, 43 Beauchamp Place, SW3. A good pub, with the type of regular one expects to find in and around Knightsbridge-Belgravia. An abundance of elegant men, with a commendable absence of the chinless brigade

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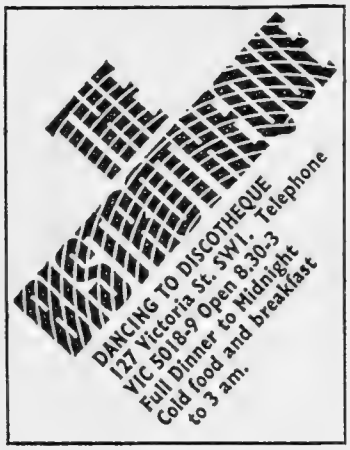
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LONDON LIFE
Elm House
10-16 Elm Street
LONDON, W.C.1

DAY OUT

LECTURES

BRITISH MUSEUM, Bloomsbury, WC1 (MUS 1555). Th 22 Dec: Indian Mughal paintings (special exhibition), 11.30. The background to the English Bible, 3.0
F 23 Dec: Chinese painting (illustrated), 11.30. Babylonian mythology, 3.0
Sat 24 Dec: Masterpieces of drawing from the print room, 11.30. The Elgin marbles, 3.0
M 26 Dec: Magna Carta (illustrated), 11.30. Some masterpieces of the British Museum, 3.0
T 27 Dec: Aspects of graphic art: Rembrandt (illustrated), 11.30. Gods and Kings of Ancient Egypt, 3.0
W 28 Dec: Babylonian mythology, 11.30. Aspects of graphic art, 3.0

FIFTY-NINE SOCIETY OF KENSINGTON, Central Library, Campden Hill Road, W8. Th 22 Dec: Kurdistan – the forgotten war, Francis Goulding, 8.0

HORNIMAN MUSEUM, London Road, Forest Hill, SE23 (FOR 2339). T 27 Dec: Puppets past and present, G V Speaight, 2.30

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, Cromwell Road, SW7 (KEN 6323). Th 22 Dec: Giants of the Sea, 3.0
F 23 Dec: Dinosaurs. 3.0
T 27 Dec: Sea Monsters of the past, Joyce Pope, 2.30
W 28 Dec: Life between the tides, Alfred Leutscher, 2.30

SCIENCE MUSEUM, Exhibition Road, SW7 (KEN 6371). Th 22 Dec: This is glass, J A Frost, 10.30 and 2.30

TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1 (TAT 4444). Th 22 Dec: Chagall, Shirley Basnett, 3.0
T 27 Dec: Summer inspiration, Laurence Bradbury, 3.0

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, Kensington, SW7 (KEN 6371). Th 22 Dec: William Morris and his Age, Madeleine Mainstone, 1.15
F 23 Dec: Colour as part of style, Derek Shrub, 1.15
T 27 Dec: Maria van Dieman's Lacquer Box, Derek Shrub, 1.15

WALLACE COLLECTION, Manchester Square, W1 (WEL 0687). F 23 Dec: Rubens, Mrs. Wallis, 2.30
W 28 Dec: French furniture – chairs, Elizabeth Murdoch, 1.0

EXHIBITIONS

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM, Cambridge Heath Road, E2. Half a century of Modern Design. Display of the Victoria and Albert Museum's collection of design, from the later phases of *art nouveau* to the designs of Dufy, Grant Nicholson. Until 5 Feb: M-Sat 10-6. Closed Christmas Day

EMPIRE HALL, Olympia. Daily Mail Schoolboys' and Girls' Exhibition. Bigger than ever show with stands on electronics, nature, the police, the Royal Navy, the Royal Air Force, chess, cycles, model railways, music and many other interests. Principal feature is the Underwater House created with the advice of Oceanaut Ley Kenyon. From T 27 Dec: 12 noon-6.30 pm. Cont: 9.30-6.30 pm

BRITISH THEATRE MUSEUM, Leighton House, 12 Holland Park Road, W14. Sixty Thousand Nights. To celebrate the bi-centenary of the Theatre Royal, Bristol. Until May: T, Th and Sat: 11-5.0 pm

NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE, Albemarle Street, W1. Children's Fiction. Recommended books of history, mystery and adventure, children and adults, children of other lands, fantasy and animals, for children 7-13 years; also picture books for the under-sevens. Until 14 Jan: M-F 11-6.30 pm, Th 8 pm, Sat 11-5.0 pm. Closed Christmas Eve to T 27 Dec

SPORT

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Sat 24 Dec: First Division
Chelsea v Liverpool, Stamford Bridge. 3 pm

Second Division
Charlton Athletic v Ipswich Town, The Valley. 3 pm
M 26 Dec: First Division
Arsenal v Southampton. Avenall Road. 3 pm

Second Division
Millwall v Norwich City. The Den. 3.15 pm

T 27 Dec: First Division
Fulham v Leicester City. Craven Cottage. 3 pm
Tottenham Hotspur v West Bromwich Albion. White Hart Lane. 3 pm
West Ham United v Blackpool. Upton Park. 3 pm

Second Division
Crystal Palace v Cardiff City. Selhurst Park. 7.30 pm

RUGBY UNION

Sat 24 Dec
Blackheath v Wasps. Rectory Ground, Blackheath
London Irish v Leicester. The Avenue, Sunbury-on-Thames
Richmond v Harlequins. Athletic Ground, Richmond
M 26 Dec
United Services v Australians, Twickenham
Wasps v Rosslyn Park. Eton Avenue, Sudbury

STEEPLECHASING

Kempton Park. Mon and Tues
Fontwell Park. Wed

KART RACING

Rye House, Hoddesden, Herts. Meeting, Tues

PLACES OF INTEREST

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell Street, W1 (MUS 1555). M-Sat 10 am to 5 pm. Closed Christmas Day

CUTTY SARK, Greenwich Pier, SE10 (GRE 3445). M-Sat 11 am to 5 pm. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. Adm 2s, children 1s

GEFFRYE MUSEUM, Kingsland Road, Shoreditch, E2 (SHO 8368). T-Sat 10 am to 5 pm. Closed Christmas Day, Boxing Day and 27 Dec

GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, Exhibition Road, Kensington (KEN 9441). M-Sat 10 am to 6 pm. Closed Christmas Day

KEATS' HOUSE, Keats Grove, Hampstead (HAM 2062). Weekdays 9.30 am to 8 pm. Closed Boxing Day and 27 Dec

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, SE10 (GRE 4422). M-Sat 10 am to 6 pm. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas Day

SCIENCE MUSEUM, Exhibition Road, South Kensington (KEN 6371). M-Sat 10 am to 6 pm. Closed Christmas Day

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, South Kensington, W8 (KEN 6371). M-Sat 10 am to 6 pm. Closed Christmas Day

London Letters

Galvanise the zombies

Shoot me at dawn. Extending the ideas put forward in the trenchant pieces by Robin Douglas-Home and Angela Ince, might I suggest that the estimable Barbara asks colleague Roy Jenkins to complement the solid blue Dixon-figures at strategic crossings, principally engaged in restraining traffic, with pairs of motor-cycle cops in the tradition of the *police de la route* armed with whistles and an Anglicised form of "Allez! Allez!" to galvanise the traffic-light zombies. **Murray Radin, Au Pere de Nico, Lincoln Street, SW3.**

Early shoppers

Although I am a staunch Scotswoman, I always feel that London is my second home. The courtesy and attention given to me by the leading hotels is really excellent. I was much impressed by the decorations in Oxford Street and Regent Street. Surprising as it may seem, we have no similar decorations in the main shopping areas in Edinburgh; and I was amazed by the crowds of early-morning shoppers: we Scots tend to do our shopping much later in the day. **Gena MacKinnon, Chairman, Drambuie Liqueur Campany, Dorchester Hotel.**

Christmas port

A word of warning for those who are contemplating a vintage port for Christmas. A vintage port should not be disturbed for some weeks before drinking because of the sediment which settles at the bottom of the bottle. The problem can be obviated if the port is decanted into a new bottle at the time of purchase. By doing this, it can be drunk immediately without impairing the quality. **Reginald Arbiter, Managing Director and Chairman, John Bishop Caterers, Beech Street, EC3.**

No secret

The generosity of show business people is no secret – it was shown once again by their tremendous response when we put on the Oxfam show *You're Joking* (pictured on Page 9) at the Albert Hall on 12 December. No fewer than 36 stars took part and gave up time for rehearsals and scriptwriting. It was tremendous to see the interest these personalities took, not only in their own performances, but also in the message behind the show. We are extremely grateful to the stars for giving their services free and for all their help. **David Moore, Oxfam, Oxford.**

Is he really like that?

While Roger Baker's quiz gives us considerable amusement and occasional annoyance it certainly keeps us up to the mark – having decided that we are all neurotic, failing alcoholics in the last few weeks. One thing causes us distress though. Surely he can't *really* look like that! No one does. This was to be a fan letter, but looking at that supercilious sneer viewing us makes us have second thoughts. I wonder if (without telling him) you could publish a picture of what he looks like ordinarily – so that we can recognise him at all those premières and discothèques he goes to. **Liz, Sally, Margaret, Penny, Caroline and Susie, Harrington Gardens, SW7.**

Certainly! This is Roger Baker's favourite picture of himself. It is also his favourite picture.

Marriage lines

In a Chelsea bistro recently my husband and I couldn't help overhearing the conversation of a chic young couple at a nearby table. The young man seemed sunk in the deepest depression over business worries. His pretty companion, a typical dolly bird, was doing her best to tease and cajole him out of his mood.

He remained sullen through aperitif, *hors d'oeuvre* and *entrée*. As dessert arrived, his girl friend lapsed into silence herself. Coffee arrived and she said plaintively: "If we're going to sit here without talking to each other, we might as well be married." And with that she swept out of the restaurant. **Linda Whetstone, High Street, Kensington, W8.**

Furniture depreciation

Everyone is very conscious of the fast depreciation on new motor cars from the moment they're driven away from the showroom. I think it's time people seriously considered the thumping great depreciation on new furniture. Perhaps it's because I'm a contemporary furniture fan, but I have recently had to dispose of a flat full of practically brand new furniture, as my husband has been transferred abroad at short notice. It's breaking my heart to see the absurd prices my lovely new furniture fetches on the open market. Let young couples be warned. Buy nearly new furniture and you will really get bargains. **Dorothea Jenkins, Old Brompton Road, SW7.**

Swinging Manchester

Passing through town recently we chanced on a copy of *London Life*. Excellent magazine, very topical, very with-it – except that it doesn't help us too much. You see, there's a life in Manchester as well as London – very much so. London has a reputation as a swinging city but Manchester is a good match for it every inch of the way. In fact, in terms of raving discothèques, mod fashion and mini-skirted girls, we reckon Manchester just about has the edge on the London scene. **Eric Haydock and Tony Cassidy, Kennedy Street Artists, Manchester.**

WHERE'S OUR SPIRIT?

*** I'm a middle-aged American and I spent three years here during the war. The food was strictly lousy, I never felt warm enough – and, let's face it, your girls looked real dowdy. But I still believe it was your finest hour. Sure, you're now a swinging city. You're swinging like Havana swung before Castro. I like to gamble. I like to date pretty girls. I'm no angel and I enjoy a good, well-presented strip show. But even if the lights are on again in London, I'm not lit up. Where's your spirit? Where's your Churchill?**

Mel G Hargreaves, Dayton, Ohio

MAKE SURE OF YOUR

NEXT WEEK

1966 was a very good year . . .
for lots of people
many things happened:
exciting, unusual, things . . .
in

london life

NEXT WEEK

we take a look at the very good year that's just leaving us

NEXT WEEK

we take a look at the things that are going to make 1967 a very good year . . .
the first major item is travel

there's no need to be depressed about that allowance

NEXT WEEK

london life

shows how to take the greatest advantages from it, and explains in detail how the whole thing works

PLUS PLUS PLUS

just to cheer us all up
glamorous colour pages
of the swimsuits that
will be seen dolphin-like
off the beaches of Spain,
North Africa and other sunny spots – not to mention
the guide to London's theatres, cinemas, galleries and restaurants
all in

london life

NEXT WEEK

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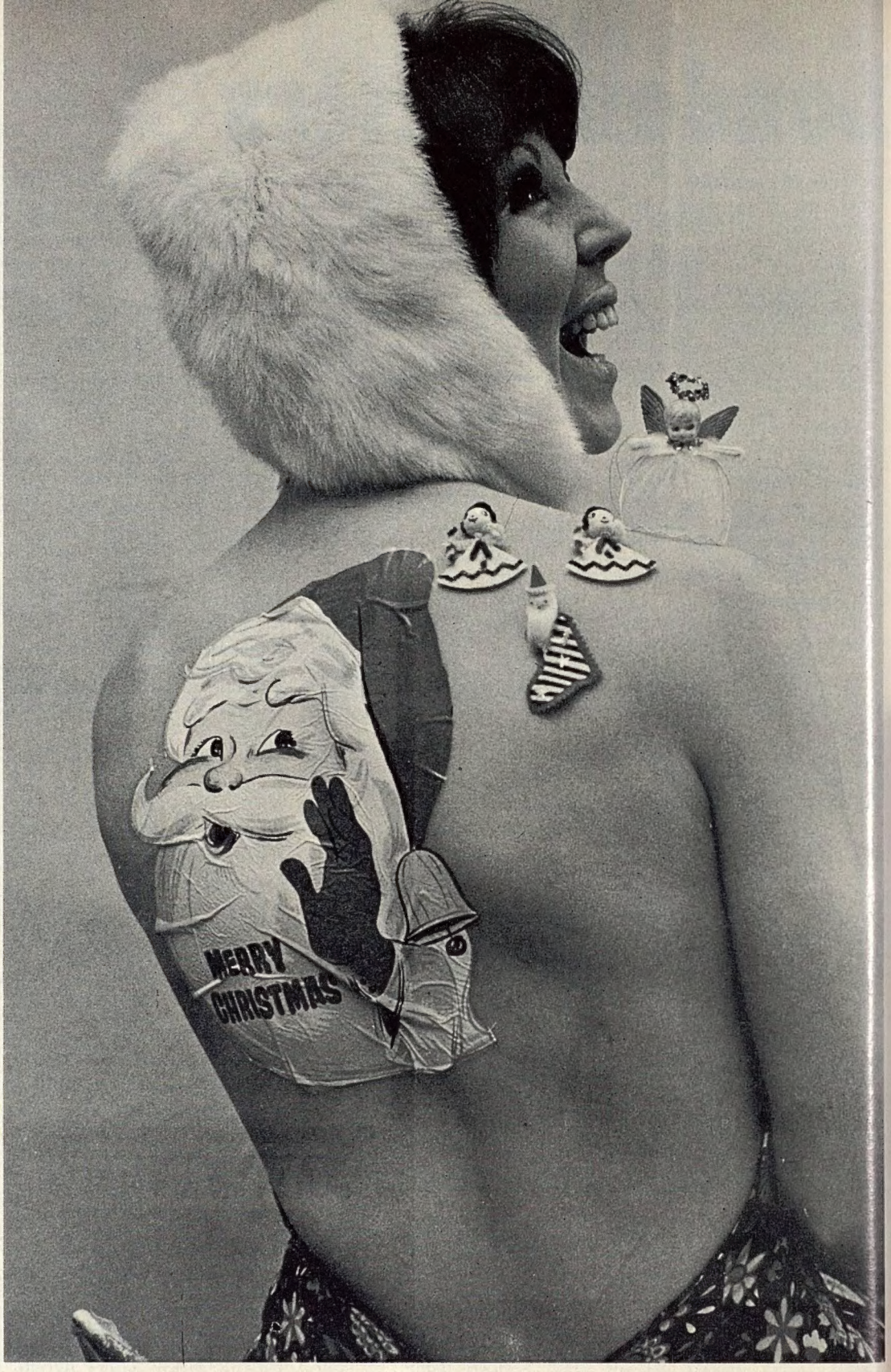

ENDPIECE: It's a Santa stick-up

Rudi Gernreich, the American who introduced the topless swimsuit, is selling his Decals (sticky triangles) to cover up what should not be exposed. In Britain there are Dotties (king-sized beauty spots) to scatter around the bare acres of flesh . . . and in Ireland Beauty Petals are being sent out to alight on the models, in the form of butterflies and other pretty shapes. The 24-year-old girl in the picture above decided to extend the idea. With a common range of Christmas tree trimmings, transfers and eye-lash cement, Anna Summerfield, who is the French air-hostess in the current London production of *Boeing Boeing*, has got really stuck on Santa. It's a Christmas stick-up, in fact—and like it or not, no doubt the idea will attract the girls who'll do anything to be gaily different.

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